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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI. No. 2231.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1939.

CANADIAN EDITION.
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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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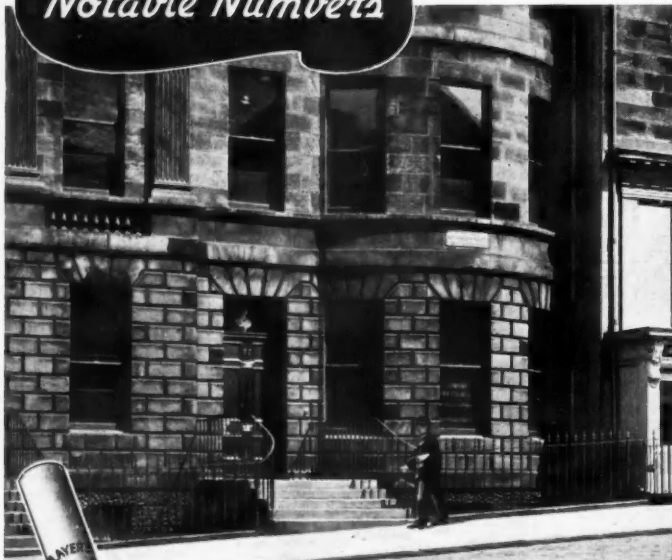
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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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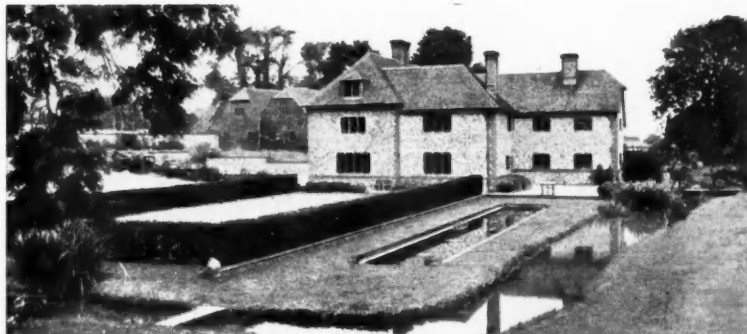
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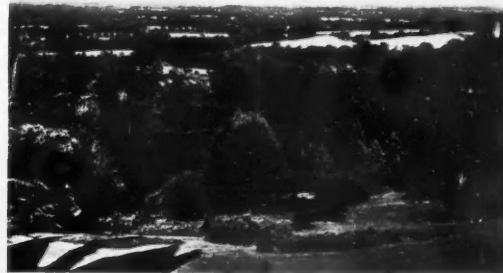
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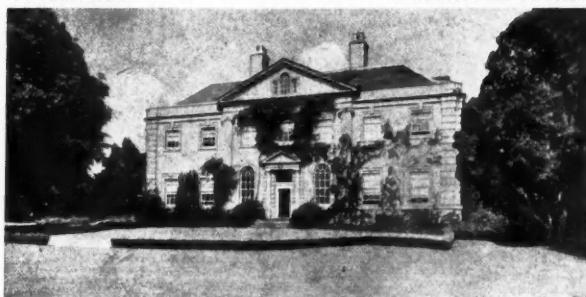
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450 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,063.)

£4,750

700ft. up.

SURREY HIGHLANDS

South aspect. Extensive views.

4 reception, 9 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms.

Up-to-date. Labour-
saving. Main Services.

Central Heating. Parquet
Floors.

Fine Gardens, very well
timbered. 5 ACRES.

Agents, OSBORN and
MERCER. (16,252.)



HANTS



ONLY £7,750

(or House and small area
might be sold separately).

Fine Elizabethan Replica

well-appointed and modern-
ised with Main Electricity
and Water. Central Heating.
4 reception, dozen bedrooms,
Bathrooms.

Dry soil. South aspect.

Woods. 130 Acres

Agents, OSBORN and
MERCER. (16,957.)

BETWEEN AYLESBURY AND BANBURY.

For Sale Privately.

Up-to-date Country House

of attractive architecture; well planned and having electric light, central heating, etc.
and containing a dozen bedrooms, good-sized reception rooms, etc.

Matured Gardens, Pasture, etc.

GOOD STABLING. COTTAGES. NEARLY 30 ACRES

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER (16,730.)

WILTS.

Delightfully placed in centuries-old Gardens, near the Downs.

And a few miles from Marlborough and Savernake Forest.



A Beautiful Old Period House

One of the finest medium-sized Country Houses in the country.
The subject of a special article in "Country Life," and possessing considerable
architectural and historical interest.

It has a dozen bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.

Up-to-date with main electricity, central heating, etc.

Usual Outbuildings, Cottages, etc.; and nearly **50 Acres**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,001.) Inspected and recommended.

DORSET

IN PARKLANDS, ADJOINING DOWNS

South aspect. Panoramic Views. Long carriage drive.
3 reception, 6 bedrooms (with lav. basins), 2 bathrooms.

GEORGIAN HOUSE.

Electric Light. Central
Heating.

STABLING. COTTAGE.
SQUASH COURT.

11 ACRES

Immediate Sale desired.
Agents, OSBORN and
MERCER. (17,085.)



SOMERSET

Secluded, amidst finely timbered old
Grounds of about 10 ACRES.

For Sale,

An Old Manor House

of 9 bedrooms, etc.; all modern
appointments.

Stabling, Cottage, etc.

**BOUNDED BY RIVER WITH
TROUT FISHING.**

(M. 2125.)

15 MILES FROM LONDON ENTIRELY RURAL.

A Small Country House
in a rural spot just outside London,
with easy daily reach of the City.

It has 7 bedrooms, etc.; modern
appointments, and Matured Park-
like Grounds.

(M. 2086.)

Telephone No.
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

PRICE REDUCED TO ENSURE AN EARLY SALE

RURAL WEST SUSSEX

STATION $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE. COAST 10 MILES. LONDON 43 MILES.
Convenient for Kennels of Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds.



EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY POND WITH BOAT.
In all about 2½ ACRES (further land available).

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and confidently recommended by the Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (D. 2493.)

RECOMMENDED FROM PERSONAL INSPECTION.

GEORGIAN HOUSE ON THE CHILTERN

WITHIN EASY DAILY REACH.



GARAGE (for 4). STABLING. COTTAGE. HARD COURT.
BEAUTIFUL TIMBER PRETTY PARKLANDS
Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (6190.)

THIS LITTLE COTTAGE RESIDENCE

reception, 5 bed (fitted basins), bath, etc. Full of fine old oak beams, old oak floors, etc.
Main electric light and power.
Main water.
Modern drainage, central heating.
Garage and pavilion annexe with 3 rooms.
LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS, with tennis court, orchard and kitchen garden and

MAGNIFICENT POSITION IN SUSSEX

600ft. up. Wonderful views. Daily reach.

PICTURESQUE REPLICA OF AN OLD SUSSEX MANOR

FACING SOUTH. FREE FROM DEVELOPMENT.

12 bed, 4 bath, 4 reception rooms.
Main electric light.
Central heating.

Garages.
2 Cottages.
Fine Old Barn and Elizabethan Farmhouse (requiring repair).

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Hard and grass tennis courts, woodland and meadow.



16 ACRES FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED

* GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (C.2919.)

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO

SECURE A UNIQUE BARGAIN

On the outskirts of small Country Town, 50 miles South of London, enjoying complete seclusion midst parklike surroundings.

THIS ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

is approached by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile drive and secondary entrance with lodge.

On two floors are 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 4 reception and billiards room.

Central heating.
Co.'s electricity and water.

Garages with Chauffeur's flat, 2 Cottages.
Home Farm with modern buildings.



£3,700 WITH ABOUT 200 ACRES

All further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (A.2771.)

Telegrams
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London.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.I.

Telephone:
Gros. 2838
(3 lines.)

TO BE LET FURNISHED XIIIth CENTURY MANOR HOUSE



In a secluded part of Northamptonshire.

A PROPERTY OF HISTORICAL INTEREST—4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, offices. Electric light; central heating. Garage; stabling. Beautiful antique furniture.

LOW RENT TO GOOD TENANT.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.I.

SURREY

TO LET FURNISHED IN QUIET RURAL COUNTRY.

Convenient for shopping and main line stations.

MODERNISED FARM HOUSE

4 BEDROOMS (with basins, h. and c.), BATHROOM,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS, OFFICES.

Main electricity and water.

GARAGE (for 3).

GARDEN, KITCHEN GARDEN, SMALL WOOD, Etc.

5½ GUINEAS PER WEEK ANY TIME UP TO DURATION

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.I. (16,492.)

SOUTH DORSET

South aspect. View to the Sea.



DELIGHTFUL THATCHED HOUSE.—Charm of age; modern comforts. FOR SALE or TO LET, standing high in about 1 Acre. 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms. Garage; Co.'s water and electric light. Immediate possession.

FREEHOLD £2,800

or might be Let Unfurnished on Lease.—Agents: TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.I. (Gros. 2838.)

ESTABLISHED
1899.

MARTEN & CARNABY, F.A.I. (of LONDON)

Temporary Office: 23, CHURCH STREET, REIGATE

Telephone:
REIGATE 3361-2.

WEST SUSSEX—55 ACRES

Away from all Aerodromes and Towns.



XVth CENTURY BLACK AND WHITE GEM, in delightful rural surroundings, but not completely isolated; entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; garage, stabling, fine old barn, other outbuildings; garden, orchard and pasture; in all 55 ACRES. MUST BE SOLD IMMEDIATELY. SACRIFICE. £3,500 FREEHOLD. INSPECTED AND THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED.

SURREY—CLOSE TO SUSSEX BORDERS

£165 PER ANNUM.—A fascinating XVth Century RESIDENCE, of mellow brick and half-timbering; recently modernised and restored; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception; Chauffeur's flat over double garage; Co.'s services; stabling for 4; paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 11½ ACRES.

£130 PER ANNUM.—A picturesque TUDOR COTTAGE, of brick and part tile-hung elevation; on an elevated position, commanding magnificent views; modernised; 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception; main services; double garage.

APPROXIMATELY 2 ACRES.

£110 PER ANNUM.—A charming old-world SURREY COTTAGE, set in an orchard; completely modernised; 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms; garage and stable; paddocks.

IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES.

N.B.—All the above are in completely rural areas away from all development and yet with reasonable bus services.

IN A SECLUDED POSITION ON THE SURREY-SUSSEX BORDERS



XVth CENTURY FARMHOUSE, with picturesque Horsham stone roof, occupying a secluded position in the delightful woodlands to the south of Leith Hill; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, maids' sitting room. Main services.

COTTAGE. OUTBUILDINGS.
7 ACRES. FREEHOLD £3,750

Telephones :
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)

CURTIS & HENSON

LONDON

Telegram :
"Submit, London."

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED IN THE WYE VALLEY

ONLY 18 MILES FROM GLOUCESTER.

CLOSE TO ROSS-ON-WYE.

With $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Salmon Fishing both banks of the River.

FINE EXAMPLE OF A WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE

5 RECEPTION ROOMS,
14 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
4 BATHROOMS.

Electric Light and Central Heating.
Compact Domestic Offices.



Well-timbered Grounds of great
charm.

3 GARAGES.
EXCELLENT STABLING AND
OUTBUILDINGS.
2 COTTAGES.

Surrounded by undulating
parkland.

1,200 Acres of partridge shooting.

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED FOR A PERIOD OF YEARS

Recommended from personal knowledge by CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.

ONE HOUR SOUTH OF TOWN

500 FT. UP NEAR SUSSEX-KENT BORDERS.



SUPERBLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

COMMANDING FINE VIEWS.

LOUNGE HALL,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS
(many with fitted basins),
5 BATHROOMS.

Co.'s electric light and water.
Central heating.

GARAGE, STABLING AND
3 COTTAGES.

Beautifully-timbered Grounds on a Southern slope. 1 Acre Lake, Pasture and Woodland.

FOR SALE WITH 60 ACRES OR LESS OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED

Confidently recommended by CURTIS & HENSON.

(15,402.)

JACOBAN MANOR HOUSE (23 miles South of London, in a quiet and secluded position).—3 reception rooms, study, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating; main electric light, gas and water. Garage and Stabling. 2 Out houses. Attractive gardens, enclosed by a moat, with fine old yews, tennis lawn, miniature golf course, ornamental ponds and paddock. In all about 14 ACRES.

To be Let on Lease.

HUNTING. GOLF. (15,100A.)

VIEWS OVER THE SUSSEX WEALD, on a Southern slope of Holmbury Hill, within easy reach of London.—Very ATTRACTIVE HOUSE containing 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Central heating; electric light and power. Co.'s water; modern drainage. Chauffeur's flat; 2 garages. Lovely terraced gardens, with direct access to Holmbury Hill, extending to about 14 Acres. To be LET. Furnished or Unfurnished, for a period of years. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,185A.)

25 MILES FROM HEREFORD.—STONE-BUILT MANSION; 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms.

Electric light. Stabling and Garages (with flat).
Lodge and 6 Cottages.

Home Farm with bailiff's house. Salmon-fishing.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. (16,038.)

HEART OF THE COTSWOLD HILLS (London 90 miles by road). OLD MANOR HOUSE, occupying high position in finely-timbered park.

4 reception rooms. Billiard room.
20 bedrooms. 3 bathrooms.

Extensive Garages and Outbuildings.

FOR SALE OR MIGHT BE LET.

Privately in Market. (7856.)

HAYWARDS HEATH

LONDON ONLY 45 MINUTES BY ELECTRIC TRAINS.

AN UNIQUELY-SITUATED PROPERTY COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS

A cleverly-designed HOUSE of TUDOR CHARACTER, planned to gain full advantage of its splendid position.

In first-rate order and up to date
in every way.

ENTRANCE HALL,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
5 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS.

Main electricity and water.

GARAGE (for 2).

Well-planned Gardens on a Southern slope, with productive kitchen garden; in all about 1 ACRE. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

GOLF. RIDING. HUNTING.

Recommended from personal knowledge by CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,496.)



EARLY GEORGIAN MILL HOUSE

$4\frac{1}{2}$ MILES FROM TONBRIDGE STATION.

NEAR PICTURESQUE VILLAGE.

A RED-BRICK RESIDENCE WITH ONE OF THE OLDEST WATER- MILLS IN THE COUNTRY

Mentioned in Domesday Book.

3 reception rooms, maids' sitting room, cloak-room, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main water.

Electric light generated by waterwheel.

GEORGIAN COTTAGE.
GARAGE AND STABLING.



Most attractive Gardens and Pastureland border the river, in which there is fishing.
Large lake with an island. Swimming pool.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED ON LEASE

HUNTING AND GOLF.

Recommended by CURTIS & HENSON. (16,375.)

OXFORDSHIRE (near Reading, Wallingford and Goring-on-Thames). WELL-FURNISHED HOUSE, recently redecorated.

4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Electric cooker and fires. Central heating.

Garage for 2 or 3 cars.

Garden of $4\frac{1}{2}$ Acres. Vegetable produce for tenant. To Let Furnished by the month, with plate and linen, 9 gns. per week, landlord paying gardener's wages. (15,225A.)

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (near Chesham and Amersham: 25 miles North-west of London). ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: completely renovated and modernised. 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Co.'s electric light and water; central heating. Garages, stabling and 2 cottages. The Pleasure Gardens and lawns slope South from the house to the River Chess, which provides good trout-fishing. Hard tennis court, meadowland and kitchen garden; in all about 30 Acres. For Sale Freehold or to Let Furnished for the winter months or for a longer period. (10,129.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS

HISTORIC XVth CENTURY MANOR IN SUFFOLK

NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS. EASY REACH OF NEWMARKET.



RECENTLY RENOVATED AT GREAT
COST AND CONTAINING MANY BEAUTI-
FUL AND CHARACTERISTIC

FEATURES OF THE PERIOD

9 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS,
3 VERY CHARMING RECEPTION ROOMS
AND ADEQUATE DOMESTIC
QUARTERS.

Rich in old oak

THE PRINCIPAL APARTMENTS FINELY
PROPORTIONED AND LOFTY.
GARAGES AND USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.

The Farm with capital buildings and 2 new
cottages let off at £250 per annum.

FOR SALE WITH 350 ACRES AT VERY MODERATE PRICE
THE HOUSE WOULD BE LET FURNISHED FOR ANY PERIOD

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

DELIGHTFUL PART OF SURREY

30 MINUTES FROM LONDON.



**OWNER PURCHASED LARGER ESTATE
BARGAIN PRICE FOR QUICK SALE**

4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
GARAGE. STABLING. HARD COURT.
MATURED GARDEN, WOOD AND
PADDOCK
in all
3 ACRES

Inspected by WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

NEAR BRISTOL. IN THE BEST RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT—HIGH UP OVERLOOKING CLIFTON DOWNS

BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED STONE-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

IN PERFECT ORDER WITH EVERY UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCE: PASSENGER LIFT; CONSTANT HOT WATER.

ALL MAIN SERVICES; CHOICE FIREPLACES.

6 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

3 VERY FINE RECEPTION ROOMS.

STAFF SITTING ROOM.

GARAGE FOR 4 CARS.

CHAUFFEUR'S ROOM.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT AN ACRE.

Recently the subject of enormous expenditure.

A LOW PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, London, W.1.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, Etc.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

JERSEY (in quiet sheltered bay; 4 miles from town).—
A 12-ROOM BUNGALOW and 5-room cottage, on
2-acre site, on coast; all modern conveniences. For SALE
Freehold.—WOODHAM SMITH & BORRADAILE, 5, Chancery
Lane, London, W.C.2.

BRICK BUNGALOW (New).—2 reception, 2 bed,
kitchen, bath (h. and c.). Garage. 4 Acres. 8 miles
Southampton. £1,900.—HOUULT, Shelley, Ower, nr. Romsey,
Hants.

HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES
17, Above Bar, Southampton. **WALLER & KING, F.A.I.**
Business Established over 100 years.

LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

IMPORTANT TIMBER IMPORTERS wish to
purchase Estates with large quantities of soft- or hard-
woods; no commission required.—Particulars urgently to
JACKSON STOPS, Timber Department, Bridge Street,
Northampton.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.



10 MILES FROM BEDFORD

OLD-WORLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER. Dated 1415.
Lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, bath room.
Main electricity. 2 Garages. 2 Acres. £3,000.

NEAR BRISTOL

ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE. Lounge hall, 3 reception,
6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom. Garage; stables.
2 Cottages. Over 4 Acres. £2,850.

BICESTER, OXON

CHARMING OLD HOUSE. Lounge hall, 3 large recep-
tion, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main
electricity. 2 Garages. 3½ Acres. £2,500.

HANTS. NEW FOREST

CLOSE TO COAST.—Very PICTURESQUE HOUSE.
3 reception (one 27ft. by 22ft.), 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Main electricity, gas and water. Hard tennis court.
Three-quarters of an Acre. £2,000.

WALLINGFORD, BERKSHIRE

GEORGIAN HOUSE in this charming small town. Easy
reach Oxford and Reading. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms,
bathroom, dressing room. All main services. Central
heating. Garage. Secluded garden, half an Acre.
2,000 GUINEAS.

BOSHAM HARBOUR, SUSSEX

UNIQUE POSITION ON HARBOUR'S EDGE.—
GEORGIAN STYLE. 3 reception, sun parlour, 4 bed-
rooms, bath room. Main electricity and water. Central
heating. Garage. 1 Acre. £2,000. A charming little place.

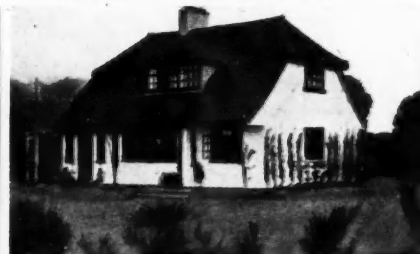


PAINSWICK, GLOS

COTSWOLD COUNTRY.—2 large reception, 4 spacious
bedrooms, bathroom. Running water in bedrooms.
Radiators. Main electricity, water and drainage. Garage.
2 Acres. £2,500.

SMALL FARM IN SUSSEX

NEAR EASTBOURNE.—Carries valuable milk contract
and herd pedigree Jerseys which can be bought. Pretty
house (6 rooms and bathroom), buildings and 87 ACRES.
£2,950.



SUFFOLK COAST

400 YARDS FROM SEA AND GOLF COURSE.—Lounge-
dining room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity,
gas and water. Garage. Pretty garden. £1,500.

CORNWALL

CLOSE TO CRINNIS BAY AND FOWEY.—2 reception,
5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main drainage, electricity, gas
and water. 1½ Acres. £1,700.

CHILTERN HILLS, BUCKS

34 MILES LONDON.—3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing
room, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Basins in bed-
rooms. Main electricity, water and drainage. Garage.
Over 3 Acres. £2,750.

SURREY HILLS

15 MILES LONDON.—3 reception, 6 bedrooms, tiled
bathroom. Main drainage, electricity, gas and water.
Garage. Unusually attractive garden, over half an Acre.
£2,500.

Particulars and photographs of these and many other Country Houses from F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House,
40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

Telegrams :
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

Telephone No. :
Mayfair 6341 (10 lines).

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

3 HOURS FROM LONDON

45 MILES FROM BIRMINGHAM

AN OPPORTUNITY OCCURS TO RENT, UNFURNISHED, ON VERY MODERATE TERMS.



THIS GRAND OLD ELIZABETHAN MANSION

built in 1586—one of the great "show places" of the Western Midlands—restored and modernised about ten years ago at a sum approaching six figures.

The MANSION contains
A FINE SUITE OF PANELLED RECEPTION ROOMS. CENTRAL HALL WITH MINSTREL GALLERY. CHARACTERISTIC LONG GALLERY.
26 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, AND 11 BATHROOMS (including 7 self-contained suites).
MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.
Electric passenger lift. Electric dust-extraction plant.

EXTENSIVE OUTBUILDINGS

CENTURIES OLD GROUNDS

ranking among the most beautiful in the County,

WITH ABOUT 20 ACRES

SHOOTING OVER THE ESTATE OF ABOUT 4,000 ACRES AND SOME TROUT FISHING,
and Cottages and Parkland could be rented, by arrangement, if required.

Highly recommended by the Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 6341.) (Folio 72,830.)

TO BE SOLD.

BERKS AND SURREY BORDERS

ABOUT 250FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, OVERLOOKING ENGLEFIELD GREEN, WITHIN 1 1/2 MILES OF EGHAM STATION, 31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.
CLOSE TO NOTED GOLF COURSES AND WITHIN A MILE OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

THIS BEAUTIFUL EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE

with
9 OR 10 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS,
HALL,
BILLIARDS AND
2 RECEPTION ROOMS,
VERY FINE PERIOD STAIRCASE
AND SECONDARY STAIRCASE.
SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM
AND EXCELLENT OFFICES.

*Main electric light, gas, water and
drainage. Telephone.*



STABLING FOR 4.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS,
with man's rooms over.

Laundry and Outbuildings.

LOVELY SECLUDED GROUNDS,

shaded by fine old forest timber, yew
hedges, rhododendrons, tennis lawn, etc.;
in all about

3 ACRES

REASONABLE PRICE WILL
BE ACCEPTED

Inspected and strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (20,362.)

TO BE SOLD OR LET FURNISHED

ON THE CONFINES OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

*About 1/2 of an hour from London by
Rail and Car.*

THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

seated in the centre of a Deer Park with
Lake.

24 BEDROOMS (with basins).
7 BATHROOMS.
SALOON and
MAGNIFICENT SUITE OF
RECEPTION ROOMS.

*Central Heating and all
Main Services.*



SPLendid STABLING AND GARAGE
for several cars.

HOME FARM.

5 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Hard Tennis Court.

ABOUT 214 ACRES

The Estate is in faultless order having
been exceptionally well maintained by
the late owner, and is suitable for private
occupation or business purposes.

Inspected and strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 6341.) (10,546.)

JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

BOURNEMOUTH:

ERNEST FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 E. STODDART FOX, P.A.S.I., F.A.I.
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FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
 BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON

SOUTHAMPTON:

ANTHONY B. FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
 T. BRIAN COX, P.A.S.I., A.A.I.

BRIGHTON:

A. KILVINGTON F.A.L.P.A.

DORSET

IN THE BLACKMORE VALE AND CATTISTOCK HUNTS.

Occupying a perfectly rural position
 between Sherborne and Dorchester.
 220ft. above sea level and commanding fine
 open views.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD**THE IMPOSING
STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE**

standing well away from the road in
 charming pleasure grounds.

12 BEDROOMS.
 3 BATHROOMS.
 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
 AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.



Price and full particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

Central heating. Electric light.
 Company's water.

EXCELLENT STABLING AND
 GARAGES.

3 COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFUL
 OLD-ESTABLISHED GROUNDS,

including flower gardens and herbaceous
 borders, well-kept lawns, clipped hedges
 and grass walks, flowering shrubs, tennis
 lawns, productive kitchen garden and
 paddock; the whole extending to an area
 of about

14½ ACRES

ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE HOUSES OF CHARACTER IN THE DISTRICT.

SOMERSET

Situate just outside an important town. In a good Sporting and Social neighbourhood.

BLACKMORE VALE HUNT.

TO BE SOLD**THIS VERY DELIGHTFUL
TUDOR RESIDENCE**

built in 1580, and recently entirely modernised
 by the present owner for his own occupation at
 considerable cost. The whole is now in
 perfect condition and contains:
 10 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms,
 large lounge (about 40ft. long), dining room,
 study, servants' sitting room, complete
 domestic offices.

2 LARGE GARAGES. STABLING.
 2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

All public services.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS
 are a special feature of the property, and have
 been carefully laid out and maintained. The
 whole extends to an area of about

2 ACRES

Price and particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

TO BE LET FURNISHED IMMEDIATELY FOR
 ALMOST ANY PERIOD BY ARRANGEMENT.
NEAR CORFE CASTLE, DORSET

1 mile from the town and all supplies.
 In open country away from noise and traffic, commanding
 fine views; easily run with small staff.

**An attractive Well-Furnished
STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE**

containing: 6 principal and 4 servants' bedrooms (all
 with running water), 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms,
 ample domestic offices.

Central heating, main electric light, "Aga" and electric
 cookers.

3 Garages. Squash court. Hard tennis court.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN.

For further particulars, apply Fox & Sons, Land Agents,
 Bournemouth.

DORSET

Close to a good Golf Course. 7 miles from Bournemouth.

TO BE SOLD.

**THIS IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY RESI-
 DENCE**, standing well back from the road in
 sheltered grounds; 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 sitting
 rooms, kitchen and offices; large garage; Company's gas
 and water.

THE LAND COVERS AN AREA OF ABOUT
 8 ACRES

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ON THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST

OCCUPYING A SECLUDED POSITION IN IDEAL SURROUNDINGS AND COMMANDING
 EXCELLENT VIEWS.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

**THIS ATTRACTIVE
 SMALL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY WITH
 EXCELLENT HOUSE IN GOOD ORDER
 THROUGHOUT.**

3 bedrooms, boxroom, 2 bathrooms,
 drawing room, dining room, offices.

GARAGE.

Workshop. Stabling. Cowhouse. Barn.
 Bungalow cottage.

Electric lighting plant.

ATTRACTIVELY LAID-OUT GROUNDS,
 comprising:

Lawns, herbaceous borders, excellent flowering
 shrubs, small orchard and kitchen garden,
 good pastureland; the whole extending to an
 area of about

10½ ACRES

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**DORSET**

IN AN EXCELLENT RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM AN INTERESTING MARKET TOWN. GOOD GOLFING AVAILABLE;
 FEW MILES FROM THE COAST.

TO BE SOLD,

**This Very Attractive
Small
FREEHOLD RESIDENCE**

standing in sheltered, timbered grounds,
 and containing:

5 BEDROOMS. BATHROOM.

DRAWING ROOM.

PANELLED DINING ROOM.

STUDY.

GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES.



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COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT,
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PICTURESQUE GROUNDS

laid out with

LAWNS, PERGOLAS AND
 HERBACEOUS BORDERS.

PRICE £2,500 FREEHOLD

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BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

c.4

THE IDEAL COUNTRY ESTATE

Secluded, unspoilt, yet easily accessible to London.

A LONG LOW COUNTRY RESIDENCE

The subject of large expenditure. 5 reception, 12 bed, 6 bathrooms, bar, offices, cloakrooms, etc. Companies' services. Central Heating. 4 Cottages. Squash Court. Garages. Outbuildings. The Gardens and Grounds include hard tennis court, swimming pool, etc.

31 ACRES OF WOODLAND.

IN ALL ABOUT 40 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Or would be LET FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED.

This property has been the subject of great expenditure by the present owner, and is now one of the show places of the County.



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c.13

A BARGAIN AT 3,000 GUINEAS

MEDIUM-SIZED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

SPACIOUS HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 7 BED. 3 WELL-FITTED BATHROOMS. OFFICES.

Co.'s services. Main drainage. Constant hot water. Radiators. Parquet floors.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS, with CHAUFFEUR'S ROOM.

SECLUDED GARDENS

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MIDHURST AND PETWORTH

c.4.

Surrounded by large Estates. 50 min. train journey to London.

FASCINATING
XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE

With oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. Facing South, commanding extensive views.

Large lounge hall, 2 other reception, 5 bed (with lavatory basins), bathroom, etc.

GARAGE for 2 cars.

Electric light. Excellent water. Modern drainage. Additional Cottage available if required.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS

Lawn, fine old trees, stone terrace, etc.

ABOUT 1 ACRE.

ONLY £2,950



THE DISTANT VIEW FROM HOUSE.

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QUIETUDE AND SECLUSION

c.3.

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UNUSUALLY WELL-APPOINTED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

LARGE LOUNGE HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 8 BED. 2 BATHROOMS.

Modern drainage. Electric light and Co.'s Services.

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CHARMING GARDEN.

Tennis and other lawns, vegetable garden, rockery.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

VERY MODERATE PRICE

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Open and isolated position yet only 17 miles from London.

FAVOURITE SURREY DISTRICT

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

occupying a delightful situation in its own grounds and containing large rooms.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bed, 2 bathrooms, complete offices.

Co.'s gas and water. Own electric light (Co.'s supply available). Central Heating. Constant hot water. Modern sanitation.

2 Cottages. Garages for 4 cars and chauffeur's flat.

Small Farmery. Beautiful matured Grounds, in all

ABOUT 53½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £10,000

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CLOSE TO A FIRST-CLASS GOLF COURSE AND BEAUTIFUL COMMONS.

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED
XVth CENTURY
STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
10 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS.

Every comfort and all Company's
Services.

OAST HOUSES. CONVERTED BARN.
2 COTTAGES. GARAGES.



BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

with fine timber.

12½ ACRES

FOR SALE,
OR WOULD BE LET
FURNISHED
OR UNFURNISHED

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£250 p.a. UNFURNISHED OR WITH SPORTING £500 p.a.

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CLOSE TO WIGTOWN BAY. 18 MILES NEWTON STEWART.

AN IMMENSELY STRONG MANSION HOUSE

5 reception, bathrooms, 24 bed and dressing rooms.
EXTENSIVE STABLING. SMALL HOUSE. LODGE. 2 COTTAGES.
BEAUTIFUL BUT INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, PARKLANDS, etc.

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TROUT FISHING IN SEVERAL STREAMS ON PROPERTY

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8 ACRES VERY MODERATE PRICE

SURREY HILLS

Between Betchingley and Caterham. 750ft. up, unsurpassed panoramic views, southern slope, 2 miles station with electric train service.

WELL-BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE

4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7-10 bedrooms.
Main electricity and water. Central heating.
"Aga" cooker.

GARAGE. STABLING (flat over).
Inexpensive GROUNDS, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, wilderness garden and delightful woodland.
Masses of bulbs.
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800ft. up, magnificent position, lovely views.

WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

of brick and stone, in excellent order.
3 reception, bathroom, 9 bed and dressing rooms.
Main water, electric light and drainage.
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Charming gardens on hillside; glasshouse.

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500ft. up, lovely views: sheltered.

CHARMING STONE RESIDENCE

10-12 bedrooms, bathrooms, 4-5 reception rooms.
Central heating. Gas lighting. Excellent water supply.
Good garage and stabling accommodation, barn, farmery, cottage, lodge.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS: tennis lawn, with pavilion, walled kitchen garden, some glass; parklike pastureland, pretty woodlands intersected by stream.

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£3,300 FREEHOLD. Would Sell Contents

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in unspoilt country; frequent bus service; gravel soil; hunting and shooting. A most

ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE RESIDENCE

facing South.
Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 5 bedrooms; gardener's cottage, garage, fine old barn; charming gardens and grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and good pastureland.

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GUILDFORD & WINCHESTER

Long or short term. Might Let Unfurnished or Sell (between).

CHARMING QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

Modernised and in good order.

8 bed, 3 bath, lounge hall, 3 reception.

Central heating, main water, electric light. "Aga" cooker.

Garage for 3. Stabling. Cottages. Delightful Grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, paddock and meadow.

4 or 12 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley St., W.1.

WALES

Beautiful part. Near Golf Course and Station.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

Suitable modernisation. Hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms.

Recreation room.

Pretty Garden, bounded 400yds. by Trout Stream.

BARGAIN AT £1,450 (Offer invited)

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WEST DEVON. £1,650

Between Tavistock and Okehampton.

COUNTRY HOUSE

5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception.

Central heating. Main electricity near.

Stabling. Garage. 3 men's rooms.

Pretty Grounds and woodland, with pool and stream.

5 ACRES

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150ft. up on light soil.

Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 10 bedrooms.

Main water. Electricity and gas. GARAGE.

2 ACRES pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, 9.

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In a favourite district with fast motor road to London, which is about 25 miles.



XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE. with additions in keeping. The whole in wonderful order, having been the subject of a very large expenditure. Large hall, 2 reception, magnificent billiard or dance room, 7 bedrooms, 2-3 bathrooms. Central heating and main services. Lovely old Barns and Outbuildings. Delightful Gardens in keeping with the house, orchard, etc.: about 4 Acres. FOR SALE OR TO LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

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By express trains. Fine Hunting centre.



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comprising TWO FARMS, including some of the BEST LAND IN THE COUNTY.
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THE ABOVE SHOW A RETURN OF 4 PER CENT. AFTER ALLOWING FOR OUTGOINGS.

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Beautiful unspoilt country, yet not isolated.



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in secluded grounds of 8 ACRES—quiet and restful.

3 reception, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; main electricity and gas available, ample water and modern drainage; stabling and garage.

GARDENS A FEATURE, entirely enclosed by old stone wall; 2 tennis lawns, orchard, walled kitchen garden, lawns, specimen trees.

PADDOCK OF 5 ACRES (optional).

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Detached RESIDENCE. 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, central heated, lavatory basins all bedrooms. Oak stairs, floors and joinery. Frequent electric trains to London. Immediate occupation. £1,975 Freehold. Smaller Houses also available at Lewes.—RINGMER BUILDING WORKS LTD., Ringmer, Lewes, Sussex. Telephone: Lewes 300.

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WANTED

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3 to 4%

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**CHARMING STONE AND BRICK RESI-
DENCE**, dated 1548, on three floors, approached
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Garage for 3 cars. About 2 Acres.
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In the beautiful district between Newbury and Hungerford. 400ft. above sea level and having excellent social and sporting amenities.

A DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

occupying a secluded position and in splendid
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The accommodation comprises:
LOUNGE HALL, DRAWING ROOM,
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SMOKING ROOM,
9 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,
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AMPLE SERVANTS' ROOMS.

Electricity. Central heating.
Water by gravitation. Modern drainage.



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WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS
of simple design and exceptionally attractive.
Terraces: water garden with rustic bridges;
2 tennis lawns; shrubberies; walled kitchen
garden; woodland and well timbered and
watered grassland; in all about

170 ACRES

THIS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE ESTATE IS
PRIVATELY IN THE MARKET FOR SALE

FREEHOLD REDUCED PRICE

TO BE LET.
BETWEEN NOTTINGHAM & GRANTHAM
in the Belvoir Country.



MODERATE-SIZED COUNTRY HOUSE
with 21 ACRES. Entrance hall, 4 reception rooms,
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**A VERY ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTI-
FULLY APPOINTED FREEHOLD BUNGALOW**
RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent position on the
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office. Chauffeur's flat and garage for 2 cars. Inexp-
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and water from the mains. Immediate possession.—
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**THE WHITE COTTAGE
SEAVILLE DRIVE, PEVENSEY BAY,
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**LOVELY NEWLY-FURNISHED HOUSE
SITUATED ON THE BEACH.**

4 double bedrooms, charming lounge, dining room, large
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Electric light. Gas cooker. Main drainage.

SUNROOF GARDEN. GARAGE.

VERY REASONABLE TERMS UPON APPLICATION.
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WELL-FURNISHED MODERN DETACHED HOUSE

2 reception, 4 bedrooms (interior sprung mattresses),
electric fires, kitchen and scullery, bath (h. and c.,
separate lavatory.) Big garage. Electric light.
Large gardens back and front. Middle October to
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Wireless. Telephone.

PLATE INCLUDED. EVERY HOME COMFORT.
OUT OF THE DANGER ZONE.

Terms on Application.

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HOUSE**, situate 2½ miles from Ross-on-Wye, containing
4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Electric
light, ample water, modern drainage, attractive garden,
2 cottages, with 21 Acres of meadowland.—For further
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FARMS FOR SALE

Apply:

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FOLVILLE MANOR**, Melton Mowbray.—Commodious
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TO BE LET FURNISHED for duration to careful
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5 reception rooms, 22 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Central
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hard tennis court. Chickens, and garden produce; kennels.
Suit girls' school.—**TRUSCOTT'S**, Canterbury.

TO LET (Shropshire-Montgomeryshire Borders; within
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Unfurnished on a Lease. Attractive modern, medium-sized
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(Phone: 70.)

NOTES IN WAR TIME



THE many men and women who are shouldering the responsibilities that come with active service, in Navy, Army or Air Force, have enough to occupy their minds and energies without having to spend a great deal of thought or time on the question of uniform, and yet it is an important one. Good material means long life in all tailored clothes, good fit means not only that also, but comfort as well and the intangible but very real ease in wear that comes from garments that are just right. All this has to be considered, and in these circumstances it is only wise to go to an officially appointed R.A.F. and military tailor, such as Messrs. Harry Hall, Limited, of 181, Oxford Street, W.1, and 149, Cheapside, E.C.2, who are not only certain to use only the best materials, linings and workmanship, but, as specialists, will see that in each individual order the uniform supplied conforms in every detail to the relevant regulations laid down by the authorities. By putting oneself in their hands all the trouble of getting uniform is eliminated, and, wherever practicable, Messrs. Harry Hall, Limited, will send a fully qualified representative to take orders for uniforms or replacements, and where that is impossible a self-measurement form, quite easy to fill in, which will ensure perfect fit. A complete estimate and patterns are, whenever requested, sent by post. All the women's uniforms, W.R.N.S., W.A.A.F. and A.T.S., are made by Messrs. Harry Hall with the same meticulous care and attention.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON

In spite of evacuation taking people out of town, numbers are arriving in London every day, either to stay or for a few days on their way elsewhere, and good accommodation is very much in demand, particularly if proper A.R.P. precautions can be guaranteed. In this connection it may safely be asserted that the excellent and comfortable Basil Street Hotel, Knightsbridge, has arrangements for its residents during any possible air raid which can hardly be equalled and certainly not excelled by any hotel in London for safety. The Basil Street Hotel has long been known to discriminating people as an ideal centre, from which business or shopping or sightseeing may equally well be carried out, and its furnishing, cooking and arrangements are such that people who try it once come again and again. The proprietors, to whom

enquiries should be addressed at the Hotel, are Messrs. C. and W. Taylor.

BLACK-OUT CHEERFULNESS

One of the worst features of the black-out is that so very often one's efforts to make darkness outside the house complete result in making it nearly as complete inside as well. The mere sight of strips of black paper round the edges of windows and black paper all over fanlights is depressing and makes the light that is available seem less powerful. Messrs. Arthur Sanderson and Sons, Limited, of 53, Berners Street, W.1, the well known wallpaper firm, have hit on an excellent idea for overcoming this drawback, and have produced a black paper for pasting on glass which is backed up with various wallpapers, so that, instead of using funeral black, pleasing chintz designs or a plain oatmeal shade or an imitation wood effect can be obtained, adding lightness and brightness to any room. This double paper can be had in 6yd. rolls, 22ins. wide, at from 2s. to 2s. 3d. a roll.

THE RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN

The flag day last week, when the hospitals stood aside on their great annual day of appeal and allowed the Red Cross and St. John to collect for war needs, produced a splendid addition to the Lord Mayor's Fund, but what the needs for the succour of the wounded in this terrible struggle are likely to be no one can yet say, and the effort must be a continuous one. All profits from the Christmas gift book "The Queen's Book of the Red Cross," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing, are to be devoted to the Fund.



A horse-ambulance given by the R.S.P.C.A. Sick and Wounded Horses Fund to H.M. Forces

SOLUTION to No. 507

The clues for this appeared in October 14th issue.

ROLLINGSTOCKS
A I J N A R O A T
I L L I C I T L Y V E S T A
N A A L E S S E S S G
B U C K E T S T A R L I N G
O M I S S E
W A R D E N A N C E S T O R
O N S G C E
H E S I T A T E W O O D E N
E E R N U
C U M B R O U S H O T P O T
K A A G E M L M
L U R I D G E R M I N A T E
E Y I L L S C C G
R H O P E L E S S N E S S

ACROSS.

- Though it is used for clean washes, it is not a monopoly of painters (two words, 9, 5)
- He has an indifferent reputation (6)
- Part of Spain or Poland (7)
- Sunset hue that might make the loch look English (4)
- The opposite process to what has happened in 23 (10)
- Not the Winter King, though his name is associated with Christmas (5)
- The kind of life lived by the Swiss Family Robinson (8)
- A murderer takes him and another fool in (3)
- Of course, it should be made to the green (8)
- To Clive it might have sounded as though a countryman were expostulating with him (5)
- Eve adds a little colour to a Norfolk town. Result: it is all divided (10)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 508

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 508, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, October 26th, 1939.**

As the time limit for sending in solutions has been extended, the announcement of the winner's name will be postponed a week in future. The winner of Crossword No. 507 will be given in next week's issue.

24. "He had nae wish but to be —
Nor want but when he thirsted."
—Burns (4)

26. It can be got out of a chattel (7)

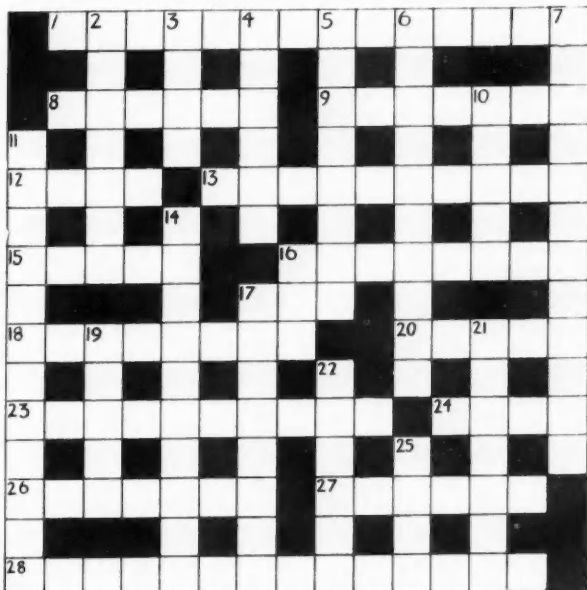
27. Outstanding according to some accounts (6)

28. Ind. Imp. (three words, 7, 2, 5).

DOWN.

- It makes a startling report (7)
- A thug lying without a thing (4)
- They have swept into club rooms (6)
- "Leg rings" (anagr.) (8)
- The English name for this plant suggests the perils of a black-out (10)
- Venus as seen by the artist or the astronomer (two words, 8, 4)
- Mechanical bird (5)
- How a victim of ink-slinging might look (three words, 5, 3, 4)
- Contralto urgently needed for the ensemble (10)
- Washed but not wed (3)
- In agreeing to meet the bill he seems to imply an alternative without stating it (8)
- Assume to go uphill is to go in top (5)
- Italian painters (7)
- The snub makes the sapper colour (6)
- Life as the Fates made or measured it (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 508



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B.I. Cables have been used throughout.

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI.—No. 2231.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1939.

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MISS V. BULLOCK WITH CONTREVENT

Miss Bullock, daughter of Mr. B. M. Bullock, the well known trainer, won the Newmarket Town Plate last week on Mr. Middlemas's winner of the Cesarewitch

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions submitted to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE should be typewritten and, wherever possible, accompanied by photographs of outstanding merit. Fiction is not required. The Editor does not undertake to return unsuitable material if it is not accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

1805-1939

IT is always well to remember Nelson. Particularly is it well to do so to-day. This issue of COUNTRY LIFE bears the date of Trafalgar, October 21st. It is 134 years since the battle was fought and won, but the name of Trafalgar and the names of Nelson's other victories, The Nile, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, among them, are still "familiar in our mouths as household words." And so they must ever be. Elsewhere this week Mr. Shaw Sparrow writes a brief monograph of Nelson, dwelling not so much on him as sailor, commander and tactician, but presenting rather, within the limits of a few hundred words, a notably graphic portrait of the man himself, referring in the course of it to "that swift illumination of both intellect and character that accompanies what is best in the mystery of genius." A happy phrase, happy particularly in the choice of the word "swift," implying as it does the sudden, decisive thrust of the inspired mind that achieves victorious action while the light-weight intellect is still wrestling feebly in a welter of doubt and diffidence. And not least among the attributes of mind and heart that made their contributions to the mystery of genius that flamed and glowed in Nelson, dazzling the startled admiration of more querulous and less incisive spirits, was his willingness, even eagerness as at times it may have seemed, to challenge the conventional precepts of authority and to take the unorthodox course. Perhaps, as Mr. Sparrow suggests, had he not died in the hour of his greatest victory Nelson would not have become a national legend. He might have passed to a shadowy seat in the House of Lords and, like Wellington, have quenched half his fame in the turgid and ungrateful waters of political controversy. He might, he might not. It is impossible to imagine Nelson in any conflict that he failed to dominate and from which he did not emerge gloriously the victor. But this, if

diverting, is idle speculation ; for it is as the sailor he was and the man he was that we must consider Nelson to-day.

In the present war there can be no assessment of glory and achievement. For the urgent purposes of the task in hand the Services and Forces—naval, air, military, civilian—are one coherent whole ; the home front is no whit less important than the western front, the air above them both than the waters of the North Sea. But in the ultimate reckoning we know that if we cannot eat we cannot fight. The Germans know it too, and so does the First Lord of the Admiralty. It is for this reason and for this alone that the statement of the First Lord in the House of Commons the other day and his broadcast speech were bound to have a significance of their own. He showed us that the Fleet, "which Nelson made so great," is still in tradition, in determination and in efficiency the same. Our sailors were hunting the enemy at sea "with relish." Nelson would have applauded that phrase. And to what end is this pursuit, this constant harrying, this frequent destruction ? Not only to guard our shores, more definitely to protect our food. The National Registration has been made ; food rationing is just round the corner. What the allotted allowances may be we do not yet know, but we are assured that all will have a sufficiency. Meanwhile we may with reason ask ourselves the question : to what extent might the task of the Royal Navy be lightened and in what measure might our larger shelves be more crowded had we, as a nation, long since taken to heart the lesson that we can and should grow more food at home ? Beginnings have been made. We are ploughing with fervour ; all sorts of inducements have been offered to the farmer to intensify his efforts and to others to grow everything that is of the earth and edible, as and where they can. But if this fever of effort had been worked up months and even years ago we should now be handling plough and spade in co-ordinated order and with every likelihood of genuine and triumphant achievement. The one thing we cannot do is to make things grow more rapidly than Nature will allow. Inevitably it will be months before the husbandry of to-day yields the desired food. But that, in the main, we have learned our lesson is something. Though here and there the components may be creaking, the machinery of intensified farming is on the move. There is, as our well informed correspondent "Cincinnatus" has pointed out, a growing influx of labour into the agricultural areas, a mobilisation, though it has its defects, of tractors for ploughing, a general willingness to do almost anything to get on with the job. But it would be absurd to ignore the difficulties, delays and hitches that have occurred to hamper a really nation-wide movement getting into its stride. Potash salts appear, we are told, to have run out already, and if supplies are available they are not being released for application to the land where they are wanted. Farmers who have gone to the trouble of having their soil analysed cannot obtain the recommended chemicals with which to treat it. There are delays in the delivery of cake for stock-feeding ; the poultry-keeper is still uncertain where, in the near future, he may be able to get feeds for his birds, and the price of pullets is soaring.

It is not pretended that this is the whole story of food production at home ; there is another and a brighter side. Moreover, it has never been suggested, even in a scheme of perfection, that we could ever hope to produce all our essential foodstuffs ; but a more complete plan, prepared and perfected in peace, and ready to be put into immediate operation when war began, providing for a general ordered expansion of our agriculture, would have prevented much of the confusion and redundant effort now apparent, reducing more rapidly than we are reducing our dependence on food from abroad, and thereby increasing the national sense of security and lightening the task of our men at sea. That essential imported food still reaches us, that we have an abundance of almost everything we need, is the reflection of our naval supremacy. The Navy is hunting the enemy "with relish," and we still may eat with relish ; and it will not be unsuitable if we remind ourselves, from time to time, how and why that is so, and particularly on Trafalgar Day, October 21st.

COUNTRY NOTES

THIS week's Country Home is Hamsterley Hall in Durham, once that of the author of the immortal Jorrocks and of the Surtees family for a century and now of Mr. S. R. Vereker. Mr. Vereker is a brother of Lord Gort, their mother was a Surtees. From that fact we may fly off at a slight tangent to reflect how much Ireland is doing in this war. Lord Gort's family come from Tipperary and Galway, and the two corps commanders, whose names have just been announced, Sir John Dill and General Brooke, are both Ulstermen. Ireland has constantly produced our generals from the time of the Duke of Wellington, and in this case the north and the south can well afford not to be jealous of one another. In the present war, to be sure, Eire is neutral, but there is a pleasant rumour that when Mr. de Valera announced that fact in the Dail there came a voice from the back of the House: "Mr. President, you haven't said which side we are to be neutral against."

THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT

DURING the last war a feverish energy too often resulted in our doing things which, on sober reflection, we probably would never have done. We refer mainly to the widespread cutting down of woods and plantations up and down the country in response to the national demand for timber and without regard to the needs of the future. It is fortunate, indeed, that this is not to be allowed to recur during the present struggle. Elsewhere in this issue, Sir George Courthope explains the Orders that have recently been made by the Minister of Supply for the control of Growing Trees and of Timber, from which it is evident that the authorities do not intend to permit indiscriminate felling. In the course of his article, it becomes clear what results the misplaced activity of the period 1915-18 and the policy of neglect pursued by various Governments in the years immediately following the last war have brought. The disastrous effects of wholesale felling and the failure to replant at once despite the urge of many authorities at the time, have now been brought home in full measure. If the outbreak of the present conflict finds us in a much better position so far as organisation and information are concerned, it does not do so as regards material. The fact that our total resources of mature standing timber are probably less than in 1919 and substantially less than in 1914 is a sad reflection on our national forest policy. Notwithstanding the excellent headway made by the Forestry Commission in recent years, there is still considerable leeway in planting to be made up. Our woods, like our gardens, which are precious monuments to generations of industry, are a national asset which, in times like these, has its part to play. What we do ask for now is that we do not fall into the same error after the present conflict, of failing to expand our forest resources. Once again the vital importance of timber cannot be over-estimated, and it should be the policy of this and future Governments to promote forestry in all its manifold branches with all the knowledge and energy at their disposal.

RYE

THE Minister of Agriculture has advocated the wider sowing of rye. As a means of increasing our supply of home-grown food, rye has the great advantage of doing well on lighter and poorer and sourer soils than will give a good return under any other cereal crop, yet its protein content comes next after wheat. The chief reasons for its decline for human consumption in this country are the English preference for perfectly white bread, and the heavier yields obtainable by cultivation from other grains. As late as 1760 rye formed the general food of about a seventh of the British population, in earlier times much more. It was most probably the principal crop grown on the early Iron Age linchet fields that scar so many chalk uplands to this day but which would have yielded very thin crops of anything else. A sidelight on the cause of its unpopularity is given by Smollett in one of his mid-eighteenth century novels, where he criticises the growing English insistence on flour as white and insipid as wig-powder. On the other hand, as long ago as Elizabeth's reign, Langham complained

that rye bread is heavy and hard to digest, though the modern fancy for "roughage" had led to a considerable use of rye in the various brands of "crisp-bread." The corollary is that the inclusion of a proportion of rye flour in our bread might well make it more palatable if less white, and enable wide areas at present largely wasted to be made directly productive of essential food. A word of caution to sufferers from hay-fever: a nineteenth-century German authority gives "June cold" and "rye asthma" as alternative names, suggesting some connection of the complaint with fields of growing rye.

EDUCATION IN ECLIPSE

ON the principle of "first things first," a great many vital matters are too easily assumed to have become of secondary importance since September 3rd. An upset in our general system of education was inevitable. That it has not been greater is due to the way in which the War Office has met the claims of public schools and universities, and to the energy and devotion of the elementary teachers during the evacuation period. Further, the illogical sacrifice of half-trained and inexperienced youth which marked the years 1914 and 1915 is to be avoided. The boys who are leaving school and students at the universities and elsewhere are "being called on later when they have had time to develop." This is all to the good, but what use is to be made of those intervening years? Young men who are going into professions and other civil occupations should surely carry on and make the best of their opportunities for education. Where their training is technical, particularly, we must see that they are not deprived of it—and not for their sakes alone. An example shows the dangers. A great expansion of agricultural production is beginning. In the national interest young blood and trained intelligence is urgently wanted in farming. Yet the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester has been closed and its pupils deprived of a first-class technical and practical training. For two years they will have to pick up what they can in odd jobs. In some other occupations fault would seem to lie with the professional associations and diploma-granting bodies who are abandoning their examining functions, apparently for the duration of the war. This is bound to be fatal to any sound system of technical training, and as the war goes on, not only will the nation lose its annual output of trained professional men, but the Services will suffer from lack of trained recruits.

SELF-EXPRESSION

Your hands express your self. They are quick as thought,
Strong as your will, sensitive as your soul;
Tender to help and skilled to take control
Where other hands and minds shrink back distraught.
All lovely things your shy tongue cannot say
You tell your hands to speak—and they obey.

LESLEY GREY.

THE CIPHER AND THE WODEHOUSE

IT is salutary discipline for us to believe that the authorities may have very good reasons for actions that we do not understand. There is, for instance, the irate gentleman who wrote to *The Times* some time ago complaining that on his return from abroad a novel by that apparently blameless author, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, was confiscated. This involves no reflection on Mr. Wodehouse. It appears that this book might be used for conveying some sinister message by cipher, and Lord Cobham showed his knowledge of literature by recalling that Sherlock Holmes found (in "The Valley of Fear") a cipher message concealed in *Whitaker's Almanack*. In that case Holmes pointed out to Watson that to send the cipher message and the clue together would be unwise, and similarly now he might say that it would be simple for the villain, having had his Wodehouse seized, to buy another copy in this country. However, it is well to be on the safe side when there may be what Mr. Bertie Wooster would call a scaly platoon of spies to be dealt with. Having heard the explanation of the Under Secretary for War, Jeeves would unquestionably reply: "Very good, my lord."

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

VILLAGE WISDOM—NATIONAL REGISTER—APPLES—COX AND COX

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

ONE of the results of the war in the country is that it seems to have set the clock back some thirty years, and in many respects this is no bad thing. The land is beginning in a small way to recover from the neglect from which it has suffered for two decades, and in prospect of higher prices for farm products there are more men to be seen at work in the fields. With the difficulty of obtaining eggs and birds from the Continent, poultry farming too may possibly achieve that which we regard now as almost beyond the dreams of avarice—an ability to pay the rent and the corn chandler's bill, and then see a small profit for the man who works from sunrise until after dusk. If only the *débutante* pullet, now worth anything from ten to thirteen shillings, would go to bed a trifle earlier, and that old harridan, the vixen, start her perambulations in search of supper a little later, the average poultry-keeper's life would be a much happier, more profitable and easier one.

Another point is that petrol rationing and the evening "black-out" combined have accounted for changed conditions at the village local. Ever since the dart-playing craze started the country inns—particularly those in the most inaccessible spots, with thatched roofs and genuine oak beams—have been invaded by young things with sports cars, and as a result the normal *habitués* have been elbowed into dark corners where they have held their peace. Now that night motoring is out of fashion the oldest inhabitant, the local Mr. Middleton, and the village Socialist have come out from their dark corners, and once more we hear the opinion of the countryside on world affairs, though the Socialist finds his style somewhat cramped since Russia let the side down.

Strange to say, however, one hears nothing of the war and nothing even of Hitler, except that he might come in useful for scaring blackbirds off the raspberry canes. The topic of conversation the other night was on the merits of ordinary soot as both an insecticide and a manure. The village horticultural expert gave it as his opinion that soot was of very little value unless used with salt.

"Mix it with salt," he said with conviction, "and it will kill anything."

The oldest inhabitant, who actually is not very old, said he had never heard of it, though for that matter soot was getting that scarce the ordinary man could not afford it.

"With these yer paraffin cookers and anthracite stoves," he said with contempt, "you don't get enough soot from the village to treat one line of onions against the onion fly, and I mind the time when you could buy a big bag for tuppence. What's more, there ain't no proper sweeps. When I was a boy old man Bartlett went round with his tools in a little black pony cart, and he only washed his face on Saturday nights. Now his grandson buzzes round on his motor bike with his brooms and rods in the sidecar, and he does his job in ten minutes. He washes his face afterwards in hot water from the tap, and when he kisses the maid on leaving, according to sweep's custom, he don't leave a mark on her. Times have changed, and no mistake about it!"

ONE learns that the National Register will not be completed on the date fixed and rationing in consequence will be delayed for possibly another month or two. One is not surprised to hear this if all the enumerators have been treated with the same lack of consideration as most of those operating in the south and west. While almost every other car one meets bears a label to the effect that it is running on some form of national service, the need for which frequently does not exist so far, and is most unlikely to occur while Hitler amuses himself flying peace kites, no means of transport has been provided for the enumerators, most of whom are doing their rounds on their bicycles or on their feet. If a few of these much belabelled cars had been put at the disposal of the enumerators the Register might have been completed by now.

Another thing that has hung up things is the average woman's disinclination to put down her age on any form, schedule or document within the meaning of the Act. One official stated that he had had to call at some houses three times to obtain this information, which had been left blank on the forms until such time as the owner of the mysterious birthday could fill it in when no one was looking.

"If there should be another war," said the enumerator, "they ought to supply invisible ink for ages. I was reading in one of Sherlock Holmes's the other night about an invisible ink that came out plain after forty-eight hours, and that's the stuff we want for ages on these forms."

WHAT a pity it is that Cox's Orange Pippin will not grow with the same joyful abandon as the "very" cooking apple known as Bramley's Seedling. When one plants one's orchard the nurseryman lays stress on the necessity for at least half a dozen good "cookers," although one may explain to him that one's normal consumption of cooked apples in the year amounts to about half a dozen to figure as apple sauce. In ten years' time, when the orchard is beginning to show some result, the Bramley's Seedlings are one and all vast spreading trees laden down with

enormous fruit, but the coy and retiring Cox's is very little larger than he was when first planted, and his crop is entirely negligible. The commonest sight to be seen throughout the south and west of England to-day is the Bramley's Seedling in orchard and garden bowing down beneath a great weight of giant fruit. Owing to the uncertainty of the apple crop in England, there is no very satisfactory market for the fruit, and in a bumper year like this the local shops do not pretend to cope with the supply. A penny a pound, which is offered, does not pay for picking and transport, and so, unless the Ministry of Supplies steps in, a considerable portion of the cooking apple crop this year will be wasted.

TALKING of Cox's Orange Pippins reminds one of an even more famous and pleasing Cox, namely, the late Mr. Cox of Whitehall fame, who was such a very present help in time of trouble during the last war. This Mr. Cox now hides his identity and loses the personal touch by being the Cox and King's branch of the great banking firm of Lloyds. In some ways this is to be regretted, as it is in times like these that one requires that "common touch" which Kipling informs us one is in danger of losing if one "walks with Kings"; for the continuance of the war has brought yet another class into being, and this is the "new poor." The name may sound familiar to those who remember 1919 and the early "twenties," but the "new poor" of this war are not those who have been crippled by heavy taxation and reduction of dividends, but are Territorial and Reserve officers who have not yet been gazetted, though their actual service may date back a month before the declaration of war.

These officers, who threw up their employment to return to the colours, have now been without pay since they rejoined, and unless the War Office get a move on shortly it may become necessary to start something in the nature of a Society for the Relief of Ungazetted Officers. In the late war that very endearing gentleman, Mr. Cox, dealt most generously and confidently with similar cases, so that there was no hardship; but to-day there is no benign Mr. Cox at the top of Whitehall to come to the help of the embarrassed lieutenant and captain. All this reminds one of the famous old story of the subaltern who, having had an ever-increasing overdraft with Cox for many years, was at length brought to see that something would have to be done about it. After an interview with his Colonel he went to his room to write a letter proposing some workable scheme for repayment, and was found four hours later surrounded by torn-up efforts, with the finished and revised product of his labours, which ran: "Oh, I say, Cox!" followed by a quite illegible signature.

THERE is one Member of Parliament who affects to believe that we can only win the war if we plough up immediately every golf course in the land, level off the bunkers, and grow corn on the fairway; or, if this cannot be done, the links should be used for sheep grazing. Not a word, however, is uttered about football grounds. On matters concerning golf I do not desire to poach on the preserves of Mr. Bernard Darwin, and I feel that, although I may be able to write without personal bias, I do it also with an almost complete ignorance of both the game and the links on which it is played; but from what I know of golf courses I believe that most of them are normally grazed down by sheep, if sheep are available in the vicinity. Sheep may not be as effective as motor lawn-mowers, but their work is very thorough on the whole, and they have a very clarifying effect on the rough where I spend most of my time when I take my rusty clubs out of the boot cupboard. As a player, who systematically avoids the all-too-narrow fairway, I am accustomed to play the majority of my shots to an interested circle of grazing animals who look at me with both amazement and contempt. With regard to the ploughing up of golf courses it is, I imagine, a fact that nine-tenths of them are laid out on land that is far too light and sandy to be of any value to the farmer. If the soil were rich loam that would yield good corn crops the links would not be of very much use to the golfer in wet weather.

I was on a course in the West the other day that is considered to be as good as any in England, and it is laid out on a wide tract of land that in the past had been used for sand and gravel excavation. This meant that it had no possible value for cultivation, and the other satisfactory feature about this particular course was that in the afternoon it was crowded with players, who were neither "idle rich" nor "bloated profiteers," but were members of the Army and certain of the Royal Air Force who had been flying overhead since 7 a.m. There was just one other point, and that was the fact there were rather more privates playing than officers. In the interests of discipline I hesitate to mention that, while I was watching, a militiaman with a particularly long putt beat a bemedalled squadron leader on the eighteenth, and then went off with him to the club-house. It was all very unsettling, and upset not only the traditions of the Service, but also the confirmed belief of the Member of Parliament who cannot sleep at night for the thought of land wasted on golf courses for the exclusive use of the idle rich.

THE CONTROL OF GROWING TREES & TIMBER

By the Right Hon.
SIR GEORGE COURTHOPE, Bt., P.C.

THE Orders which have been made by the Minister of Supply for the Control of Growing Trees and of Timber are somewhat puzzling at first sight, but in their practical application will be found simple enough. Their effect is to require a licence for the purchase and sale of timber, either in the form of growing trees, or in the round after felling, or converted. Secondly, they impose a schedule of maximum prices. Thirdly, a licence must be obtained by a woodland owner who fells his trees at the rate of more than 1,000 cubic feet a month. The Emergency Powers (Defence) Act also gives the Minister of Supply power to purchase timber in any form, compulsorily if necessary. Application for licences must be made to the Controller of Timber, whose offices are at Elmdale Road, Bristol, or one of his local officers, most of whom are the divisional or district officers of the Forestry Commission.

At the outbreak of war in 1914, no official organisation existed in Great Britain in connection with forestry or timber supplies, and little was known of the country's timber resources, except that about three million acres were shown on the Ordnance Survey maps as woods. Imports accounted for 97 per cent. of our total consumption of softwood timber, and for more than 80 per cent. of hardwoods. As the war progressed the demand for timber for war purposes grew rapidly, while the closing of the Baltic, and the German submarine campaign, made importation increasingly difficult. A large output of home-grown timber became vitally necessary, and an organisation was created for the purpose, under, if my memory is correct, the Board of Agriculture; later it was taken over by the War Office and subsequently by the Board of Trade. The Canadian Forestry Corps was formed to assist in the felling and conversion of timber both in Great Britain and France—control was on similar lines to those now proposed, and compulsory powers were given by Parliament, but were seldom, if ever, used, except to protect trustees and tenants-for-life of settled estates, or others, such as M.P.'s, who were not free to sell to the Crown. Throughout the last year of war I was responsible for the purchase of standing timber in England and Wales, and, although I bought vast quantities, I cannot recall a single case in which compulsory acquisition took place, except by request of the vendor.

The outbreak of the present war finds us in a much better position, so far as organisation and information are concerned. The Forestry Commission has been in existence for nearly twenty years, during which a most efficient staff has been built up. Provisional arrangements had been made for its expansion so that control of home-grown timber could be undertaken immediately in an emergency. A census of woodlands took place in 1924, another has been in progress for the past year; although this census is not complete, its results, coupled with the information already in the hands of the Forestry Commission, give us fairly accurate knowledge of our resources of growing timber. Sawmills and their capacity have been scheduled; returns have been completed of the stocks of felled and converted timber in the hands of timber merchants and woodland owners.

Unfortunately, the resources disclosed are less satisfactory. The heavy demands of the Services and Civil Defence have made a big hole in our stocks of converted timber. Few of the mining companies were carrying heavy stocks of pit-props and other mining timber.

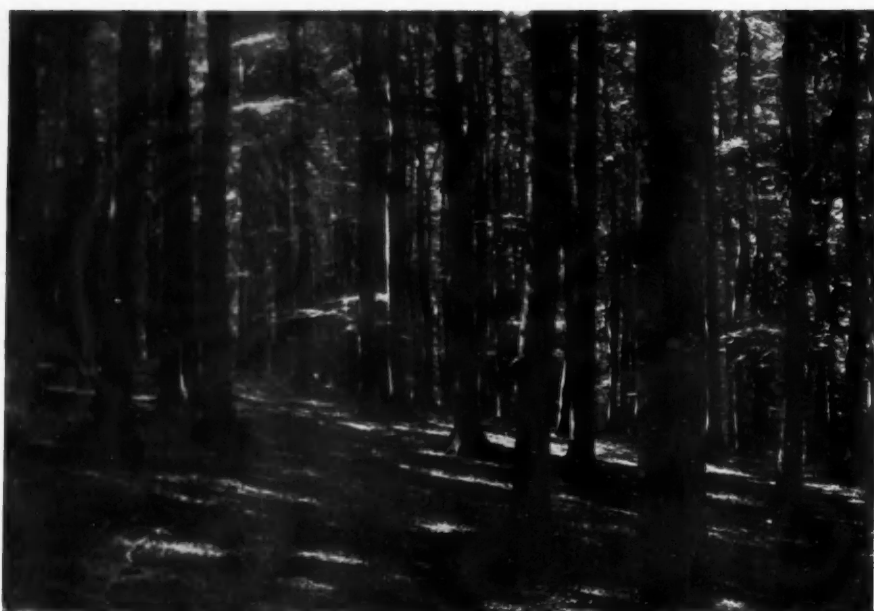
Approximately three-quarters of our imports of pit-props and softwood timber normally come from the Baltic, which is closed again, and although British naval supremacy justifies the hope that increased supplies may be obtainable from Canada



READY FOR THE AXE. A FINE STAND OF SCOTS PINES ABOUT A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD



BEAUTY AND UTILITY. A PINE WOOD IN PERTHSHIRE



AN EVEN-AGED STAND OF BEECH

and other countries, much of the deficiency must be supplied from home-grown sources.

What have we got?

A large proportion of our best mature timber was felled during the Great War. The volume of timber which has reached maturity since 1918 probably does not greatly exceed post-war felling, and our total resources of mature standing timber are little, if any, greater than in 1919, and substantially less than in 1914. On the other hand, a large area has been planted since the Great War. The Forestry Commission has planted some 360,000 acres and has made grants for the planting of a further 125,000 acres. In addition, some private estates have established plantations without the assistance of grants. But only those planted during the first few years have reached pitwood size and are of any value in the present emergency. As much pitwood as possible should be supplied from these young plantations, and from

areas of hardwood coppice of suitable growth. So far as mature timber is concerned, owners should not hesitate to make it available when it is required for national purposes, subject to the reasonable protection of amenities. Trees which are now mature are never likely to bring their owners a better return than will be obtained under the Control Orders now in force. Immature woodlands of, say, forty years old and upwards should be preserved to continue their growth.

Even if the seas, other than the Baltic, can be kept fully open for merchant shipping, it must take a long time to organise, prepare, and bring supplies from countries which are not accustomed to supply them.

The recent pact for the shipment of Russian timber from the White Sea ensures an important source of supply. But winter is closing down on the Arctic, and many months must pass when cargoes cannot reach British ports from that quarter.

In the meantime, in addition to the normal demand for timber for the thousand and one parts which it plays in modern civilised life, the special

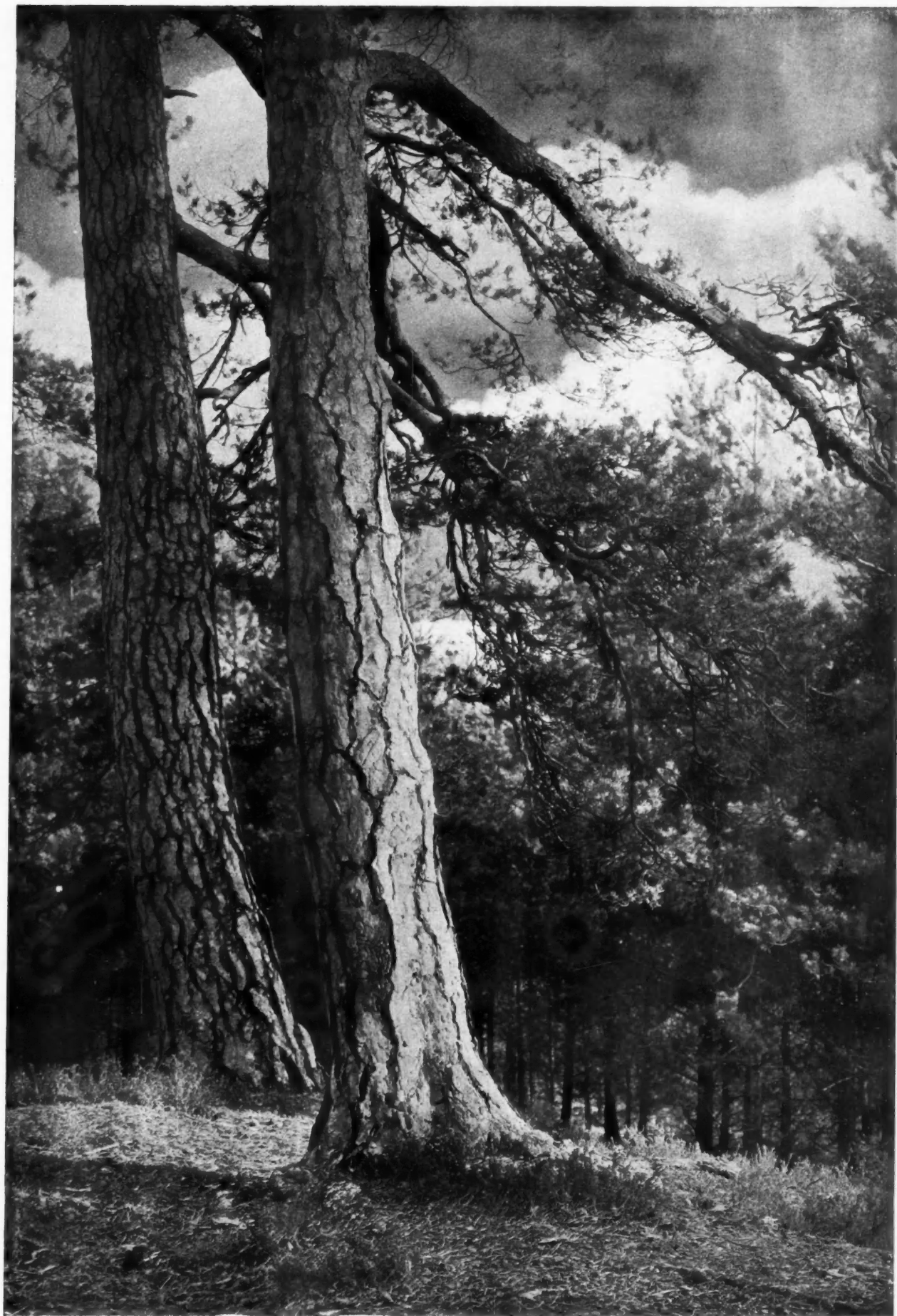
and urgent demands continue for the purposes of war. Aerodromes, camps, barracks, munition factories are multiplied; shipbuilding yards work overtime, air-raid shelters spring up, or burrow under ground, in every direction—they all want timber, lots of timber, and want it quickly. Most important of all, coal is required in increasing quantities for both normal and war-time industries, and coal mining is impossible without pit-props.

It is the business of the Timber Controller to see that all these requirements are supplied and that priority is given to those of greatest national importance.

Obviously, he can only carry out this important function if he, and his department, not only know the initial stocks available, but can keep track of all additions to, or abstractions from, the national supply. That is the purpose of the Control Orders, which are intended, not to hamper, but to expedite and increase the production of home-grown timber in serviceable forms.



AN AUTUMNAL SCENE: CARTING TIMBER



THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE PINES. "A BROTHERHOOD OF VENERABLE TREES"

NELSON AND HIS VICTORIES

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

WITH his own country again at war, this time with France as ally, Nelson and his devotees have come to the 134th anniversary of Trafalgar Day, October 21st. This battle was the greatest of his adventures, since he passed in it through victory into death, and also into a glory more intimate and more heartening to his aftercomers than is earned by leaders of action who do not die in battle.

Take Wellington, Nelson's compeer or equal. His fame would be as potent to-day as Nelson's if he had fallen on the field of Waterloo, at the moment when, seen on the smoky ridge near the Guards, he raised his hat with noble authority, as a signal to his cheering men. The day being won, let them all advance! . . . As soon as Nelson expired, at about half-past four in the afternoon, he began at once to live anew in that wondrous atmosphere of tradition that circulates through the generations and inspires its like in emulative thought and action.

Nelson is among those rarer leaders who appeal to us not merely as men of action but also as men of true genius, who were visited by that swift illumination of both intellect and character that accompanies what is best in the mystery of genius. As a rule, also, in all persons of genius, whether men or women, there are qualities of character, and also frequently of facial expression, to which the word bisexual can be applied. Genius may be defined, perhaps, as a single creative agent endowed with

both male and female attributes. The feminine qualities in Nelson—feminine, not effeminate, of course—were alert and wide-awake in many of his moods, and also in his face during boyhood and youth. He might have become a leader in art if he had lived as a youngster within the influence of Reynolds and Gainsborough; or, if his earliest admirations had been won by inspiring musicians, he might have shown his leadership in musical composition. For genius has protean gifts, which gain incalculably from near influences and opportunities.

It is also associated with emotional crises, caused by an



NELSON BOARDING THE *SAN NICOLAS* IN THE ACTION OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14th, 1797

Mezzotint by W. Daniell after Henry Singleton, 1776-1839. By courtesy of the Parker Gallery



THE DEATH OF NELSON. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., 1775-1851

Exhibited at the British Institution, 1808, and now in the Tate Gallery. The scene of the tragedy is viewed from the mizzen starboard shrouds of the *Victory*. To the right the *Redoutable*, and beyond her the *Temeraire*

excess of sensitive nerve energy. Nelson suffered much from ups and downs of action and reaction; and his bodily fibre being delicate and vibrant, the hardships of seafaring in a man-of-war were often exceedingly painful. The eager balance of his emotional temperament was suggested physically by his refined, sensitive chin, and by a mouth with full, voluptuous lips, such as great musicians have had often. No sailor of his period can have suffered more than Nelson from the little miseries of brooding discontent, active in many and various ways. Study him in his letters; and remember how, in the drama of his moods, he sought and found enjoyment both in running counter sometimes to authority and in convincing himself that he had right on his side. Why not? He was Nelson, and his genius came always to his rescue.

A brilliant writer of to-day, C. S. Forester, novelist and historian, who has given us a good—because hearty and subtle—*Life of Nelson*, has achieved in a sequence of three memorable sea-stories a Nelson of his own, Captain Hornblower, who helps us to know much more about his prototype, Horatio Nelson.

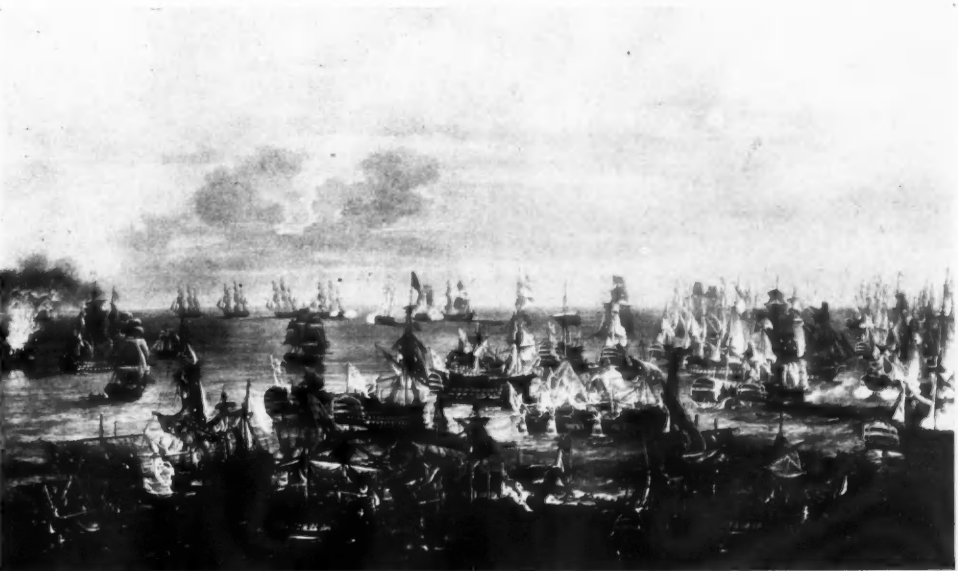
There are many who talk of Nelson as one of Fortune's favourites. Did he ever feel like that himself? He accepted the hazards of war, of course, believing, with Shakespeare, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." But I doubt if he ever regarded himself as lucky as did Wellington. Consider the bitter blows—apart from foiled hopes and times of unemployment—that troubled his short life of forty-seven years. On July 12th, 1794, at the siege of Calvi in Corsica, Nelson lost his right eye. A shower of broken stone mixed with sand struck him in the face when a shot hit the parapet of his battery. He stuck to his job finely, declining to rest even for a day. Three years later, on July 24th, 1797, at Santa Cruz, Nelson had his right elbow broken by grape shot, in a night attack. He fell at the moment of landing. His companions, after a brave but futile attack, were driven from the mole by fire from the citadel; "and with their wounded leader the very few survivors pushed back across a raging sea to the ships. The cutter *Fox* had been hard hit by the batteries, and sank suddenly at that moment with a hundred men on board, and Nelson, tossing in a tiny boat, with Nisbet, his stepson, struggling to bind up his shattered arm, insisted on helping to save some of



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST 1st, 1798. NICHOLAS POCOCK (circa 1741-1821)
Five of the English fleet passed between the French and the shore; Nelson with the rest kept the sea side. The French Admiral was killed and his flagship blown up



THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2nd, 1801. NICHOLAS POCOCK
The defeat of the Danish fleet and its shore batteries by the 38 ships under Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson



THE CLOSE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21st, 1805. NICHOLAS POCOCK
The above three paintings are now in the National Maritime Museum

the wretched men in the water. They reached the *Seahorse*, but Nelson would not go on board her, because Mrs. Freemantle was there and he would not shock her with his appearance. At last they came to the *Theseus*, and then, by the doubtful light of swaying lanterns, the shattered arm was amputated." (C. S. Forester.)

Such were the worst of those hazards of battle that accompanied Nelson to Trafalgar, and the firing of that musket-shot from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable* which pierced the epaulette on his left shoulder, and caused Nelson to fall upon his face. The ball passed down through the lungs and through the spine, and reached the muscles of his back. The foe had done for him at last. There followed the excruciating pain of being lifted from the deck, then carried below, into the reeking heat and smoke of the cockpit, where he died after three hours of agony, conscious at the last that victory was his.

In J. M. W. Turner's patriot picture of the Death of Nelson, the tragedy is still on deck and the hero is being lifted by sailors; a small, magnetic episode in an abundant design of huddled sails and masts, with eddying smoke, and a ghostly impression that throngs of fighting men are present dimly.

It happened last year that six naval pictures, inspired by the drama of Nelson's career, and painted by Nicholas Pocock, were purchased by the Maritime Museum. For a long time they had been in Viscount Bridport's collection. Three of the set are illustrated here: "Battle of the Nile," "Battle of Copenhagen," and "The Close of Trafalgar." They are not ample-handed works called into pictorial presence by a sort of daemonic fervour in marine history, but they were produced by a gallant sailor, who had been a merchant captain, who then became a noted painter in London, and who used to be visited by many admirals and naval captains at his home in Great George Street, Westminster.

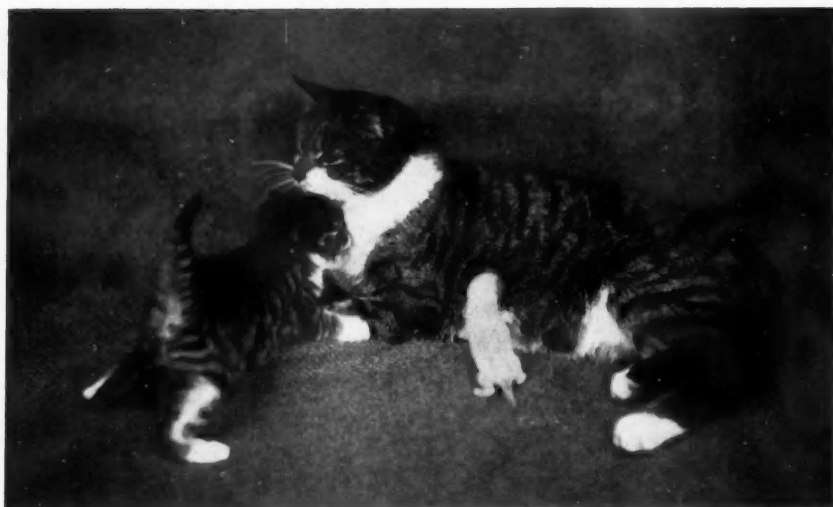
If Pocock in his battles looks too diligently a pilot of the calm, instead of being ardently a pilot of the storm, we may still hope that the naval heroism of the present war may receive from artists at least as much enthusiasm as a good many painters of Nelson's time and after devoted to seafaring and its ordeals by battle. Then, a century hence and more, the distant will be near, and the past present, when our children's children will see the naval bravery of to-day immortalised in drawings, and pictures, and prints.

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS

By FRANCES PITT

I SHALL always maintain that the strangest of animal friendships was that of my old cat Granny with Samuel Whiskers, the rat. Samuel was a rat of the most common barnyard kind. Granny adopted him when he was very small, and reared him with her kittens, tending him with utmost devotion and bringing him up to grow into a huge buck rat with whom she remained on affectionate terms to the end of his days.

I thought of Samuel when invited to go and see a foxhound puppy and a young pig that had become good friends, for it is indeed strange what diverse creatures will enjoy each other's company. Old Puss doted on Samuel despite having been formerly a great rat-hunter. The pig and puppy, I was told, thoroughly appreciated one another and had become the best of playmates. I found this was so. Sapper, the puppy, had been shut up out of mischief's way for a while, and Pig was also in temporary prison, but both were released on my arrival and ran off together into the orchard. Pig, it must be explained, was no ordinary piglet, but a great pet. Her mother had had a large litter, of which Pig was the last and least—indeed, very much the least, being a tiny creature. She was what in Shropshire we call a "runnock," and what in some parts is called a "ratling" or an "anthony." She had such a bad time with her larger brothers and sisters that their owner put her on one side and made much of her. She responded to this treatment by developing personality and intelligence. Being allowed much freedom, she met and made friends with the cats and dogs, in



CAT WITH A YOUNG FERRET WHICH SHE HAD ADOPTED

particular Sapper, the foxhound puppy. She and Sapper were about the same size—Pig by now was not so tiny—and they were equally in want of company. The two raced and romped, rolled over each other, went exploring together, fed out of the same pan, and rested side by side.

Camera in hand, I tried to get a good record of this queer companionship, but the two at first declined to show off for photographic purposes. The puppy ran after a cat, and Pig gave a grunt, flicked her little tail, and trotted off to see if there was an

apple to be had under the trees; however, their mistress produced a bowl of dog biscuit and milk for Sapper and of meal for Pig, put these good things in a small trough, and called them to the feast. It was amusing to watch the couple eating together and to note that Pig was mistress. Sapper was the bigger of the two, but the pig, when she thought he was getting more than his share, turned broadside to him and pushed him away. He growled at her, but it was no use, she just shoved him aside and gobbled up the remains of the food.

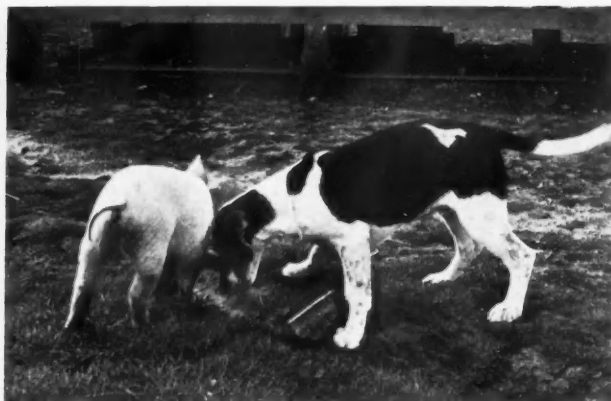
The last I saw of them they were running off together across the field, bent on a good romp before they were captured and put to bed for the night. I watched them go, and thought of another remarkable friendship between diverse creatures, when a gander of the Canadian species gave his affections to a flock of sheep. It began when his goose was away on duty on her nest and he had to graze by himself. He joined the sheep in a neighbouring field. His deserted



THE CANADA GANDER WITH HIS FRIENDS THE SHEEP



FOXHOUND PUPPY AND YOUNG PIG



PIG PUSHES SAPPER AWAY FROM THE TROUGH

spouse was left to continue incubation alone, without any mate to escort her when she left the eggs, and in consequence she seldom did quit the nest. A day came when she was found dead upon it, and some persons were convinced she had died of a broken heart. Howsoever that might be, her errant spouse was now able to devote himself entirely to his new friends. Wherever they went he went, he grazed with them and slept with them, he also helped himself to the oats which were placed in their troughs. Now and again he resorted to the water for a drink and a wash, but his visits were hurried ones, and he hastened back to the flock. Nemesis, in the shape of a fox, overtook him one cold winter night when the snow lay over everything. Perhaps the bitter chill benumbed the bird's senses. Whatever the facts, morning revealed clear signs of the overnight tragedy. There were foot-prints in the snow, grey and black feathers were scattered around, and a red stain completed the evidence.

Geese are liable to attach themselves to unexpected friends. A grey-lag gander of mine devoted himself to a peacock and shadowed it everywhere, which bored the peacock very much. It got quite annoyed with the gander; however, he persisted in following, and so closely that he often trod on the peacock's train, which made the latter quite mad.

Apart from comradeship, queer associations may arise from a mother adopting a strange baby or babies. A collie bitch lost her puppies at the time a litter of little pigs were separated from the sow. She was found in the pigsty mothering the pigs, to their satisfaction and her own. A fox-terrier that had likewise lost her whelps adopted a motherless lamb; but an even more remarkable instance of adoption was that of the hen and the kittens.

The hen had a nest in a hay-shed, where the kittens had their headquarters. While the cat was away the hen not only allowed the kittens to creep under her warm feathers, but brooded them fondly. The kittens remained attached to the hen for some weeks, until they were quite big and the hen got bored with the job.

Cats make splendid foster-mothers. The remarkable case of Samuel Whiskers the rat has already been mentioned. In

addition, my cats have adopted young rabbits (twice), a little ferret, and a fox cub. The fox cub was rather too much for its foster-mother—it was so strong and difficult to manage; nevertheless, she tended it fondly, and licked it carefully from head to foot, just as old Granny Cat licked Whiskers. The rodent tribe are particular about their persons, and wash their heads and bodies with care as soon as they are strong enough to sit up. Even the common rat is most cleanly, but puss had no faith in

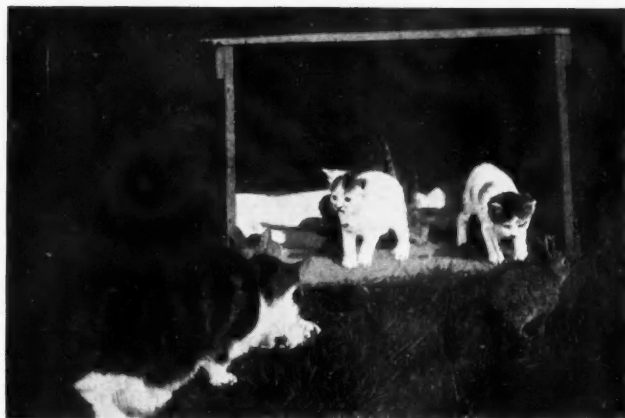
Whiskers, and, however thoroughly he had washed himself, she never failed to do it again for him. She held him firmly, heedless of his squeaks, and licked him from head to foot. The more he protested the harder she licked.

It was the same cat, in company with her daughter Katie, who reared two young rabbits. Both cats had kittens which formed a combined family, and when I brought in two tiny rabbits they adopted them without demur. As the rabbits grew bigger and the kittens stronger the mothers found themselves in charge of a lively lot, that raced, chased and played in a most amusing way, but took much looking after. The rabbits ran one way and the kittens another, but it was the rabbits which the cats retrieved first, grabbing them by the neck and carrying them back, despite their kicks.

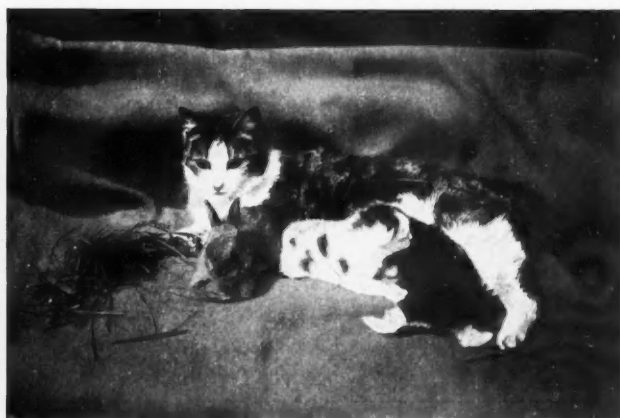
My experience is that a cat is ever a willing foster-mother, but it is more difficult to get the strange baby to adopt her. A small leveret was brought to me one day, and I immediately turned to the cat, whose kittens were a few days old, for assistance. Pussy was ready to oblige, but the tiny hare obstinately refused to have anything to do with her. I could not induce it to suck her, or even to lie with the kittens. All I could persuade it to do was to lick cream from a teaspoon, and in this way I succeeded in bringing it up. A little squirrel was equally obstinate, and I have found other young animals as averse from receiving help from a stranger. Yet once an alliance is established, foster-parents and their adopted little ones display a mutual affection as great, or greater, than that between the mothers and their own offspring. So long as Samuel Whiskers lived the old cat never forgot him, and would always give him a loving lick. Katie and Granny were equally fond of their rabbits.



GRANNY AND SAMUEL WHISKERS



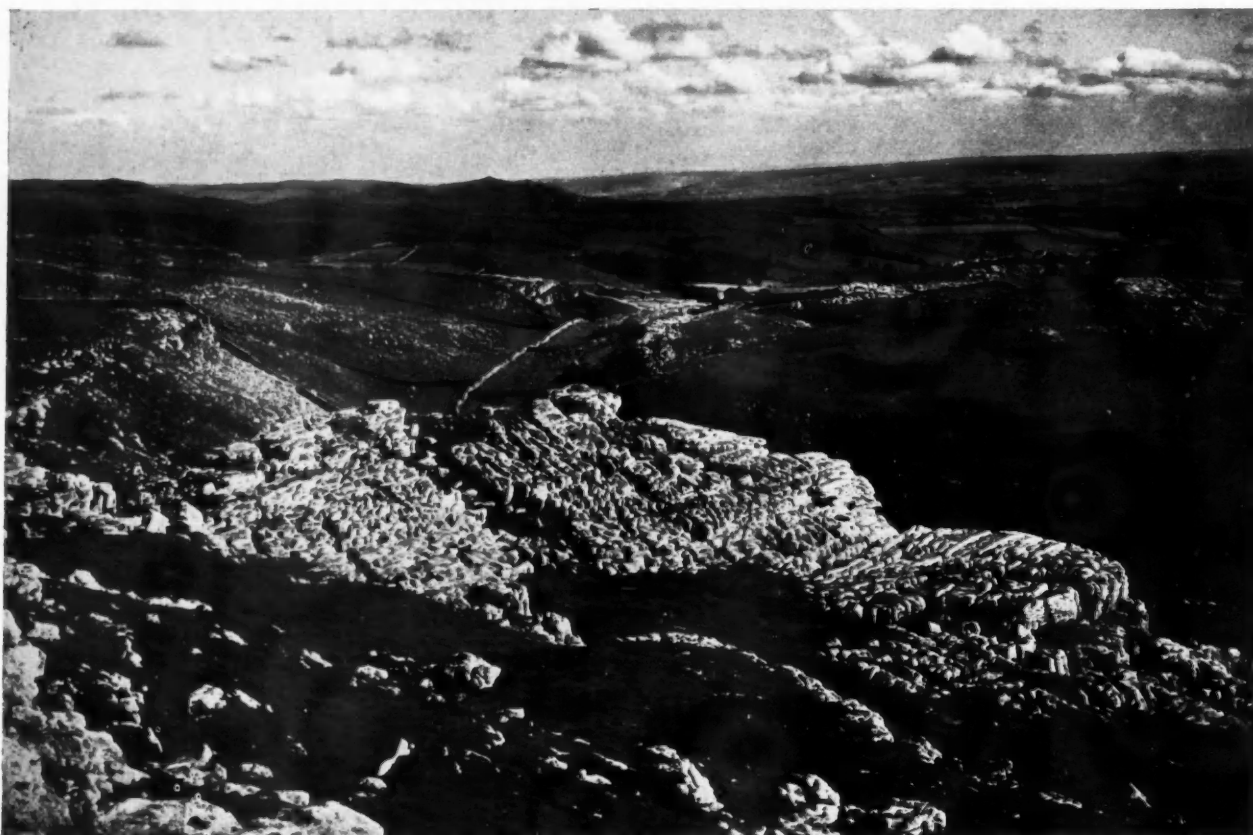
THE MIXED FAMILY OF KITTENS AND RABBITS



GRANNY WITH KITTENS AND AN ADOPTED RABBIT

EVACUATION THROUGH THE CENTURIES

REFUGES OF OUR ANCESTORS



MALHAM'S DRY VALLEY, WHERE FLOCKS WERE DRIVEN DURING SCOTTISH RAIDS

THE Government's evacuation scheme seems such a novel departure from normal life, that many English folk might suppose it to be quite without precedent. Yet in this, as in so many other ways, history does repeat itself. Though circumstances change, peril ever drives people to seek refuge. And whether in prehistoric or modern days, the inhabitants of these islands have known where to fly for safety.

Our natural caves may seem inhospitable as "reception areas," yet they have frequently been used for this purpose. As temporary hiding-places for soldiers or their leaders they have a well known history—Owen Glendower hiding in a cave near Towyn, Robert the Bruce watching the instructive spider in

King's Cave on the Isle of Arran, a company of Prince Charlie's men sheltering in Calf Hole Cave in Craven, during the retreat from Derby. But one of the most thrilling stories has only recently come to light. It concerns a civilian exodus to the group of limestone caves near Settle, in the northern Pennines.

During the second century A.D. and again during the fourth century, the wild hill-men who lived around Ilkley and Skipton revolted. Forts and villas were set on fire, and terrorism soon prevailed. The distracted Romano-British families fled hastily to the cave-ridden hills above Settle, and—despite the leaking roofs, damp floors and forbidding recesses of their new "homes"—remained there until order was restored. These evacuation periods—roughly separated by two centuries—are represented by coins corresponding to the appropriate Roman eras, the coins having been found not long ago in such caves as Victoria, Sewell's, and Jubilee.

Swinnergill Cavern, or Kirk, situated in a wild, bleak spot at the head of Swaledale, has a similar history. Although the entrance is narrow, the interior comprises a spacious chamber fifty to sixty yards long. It was used as a secret place of worship in the days of religious persecution, but its shelter had been sought centuries before that time by the families of Celtic, Saxon and Norman warriors, the warriors remaining in the open hills and valleys to fight out their battles. Only those who know these remote hill-retreats, and the steep, tortuous approaches to them, can fully realise how well chosen they were. Even to-day, for a stranger, their location demands a guide.

The evacuation of sheep and cattle as well as women and children, has occurred repeatedly. Witness the subterranean arched passages near Stanhope, County Durham, where local farmers concealed their cattle during the Scottish raids. A "dry valley" almost one mile in length provided the necessary retreat at Malham, in the Craven area of Yorkshire. Deserted by the stream which once flowed between its steep limestone crags, the valley is situated on the moor-top 300ft. above Malham village, and it



VICTORIA CAVE, NEAR SETTLE, IN THE WEST RIDING
Twice used as a refuge by Romano-British families



THORPE-SUB-MONTEM. A WHARFEDALE RETREAT WHICH THE SCOTS RAIDERS NEVER FOUND

often gave sanctuary to the flocks driven hither by shepherds who had received warning of an impending Scottish raid. So cunningly devised is this ravine that one can approach to within half a mile of it and not suspect its existence.

A similar immunity was the proud boast of Thorpe-sub-Monem (Thorpe-under-the-Hill), near Burnsall in Wharfedale. The Scots could swoop over the hills and take their toll of the "fat lands of Craven," they could rout the wealthy monks at neighbouring Bolton Abbey (which they did repeatedly), they could scour every nook and corner of the dale (as they thought) for booty which was often interpreted in terms of womenfolk, but never once could they locate tiny Thorpe. Securely hidden beneath a "curtain" of hills, it remained inviolate and inviolable.

Local geography has therefore played a large part in these evacuation schemes. Even in the Bronze Age people sought the protective agency of their surroundings. In what other way can one explain the lake-dwellings of Northern Ireland, East Yorkshire, and other places? Lough-na-Crannoge, on the Antrim coast, is a good example. The name means "lake of the island" and refers to a small artificial island, or crannoge, which seems to have been built up centuries ago as a safety retreat. The same type of refuge has been discovered at Ulrome, near Bridlington, where a rude wooden platform is situated within an area once occupied by a lake, and was probably linked to the shore by some kind of portable "bridge" that could be withdrawn when necessary.

Every schoolboy knows how the Fens provided sanctuary for Hereward the Wake and his followers. In those days, the Fenland was an extensive and almost impenetrable marsh punctuated with numerous "islands" and curtained off by forest growth. Access to these "islands" could be gained only by secret paths. The Fens, therefore, provided an ideal site for the "Camp of Refuge" established by the Saxons after Harold's defeat. In vain did the Normans seek entry. Harold's friends and relations, in addition to the Saxon warriors, found peace and comfort there for a time, especially in the Isle of Ely, where the monks befriended them. Their safety was assured—until, in exchange for a promise that their monastery should never be violated, the monks of Ely betrayed the secret paths to William.

The annals of bygone safety zones are enriched by the story of the Shepherd Lord. The Wars of the Roses caused many of the "civilian population" to flee for safety, and among them were the two young sons of Lady Clifford. Her husband had been killed just before the Battle of Towton, which brought victory for the Yorkists. Fearing that her sons might be taken and slain Lady Clifford

sent them privily to the coast, whence the younger one embarked for the Low Countries. The heir, however, was secretly brought inland again, to Londesborough, and there brought up in a shepherd's cottage. Knowing nothing of his true parentage, the boy learned all the ways of a shepherd—a training which stood him in good stead when, for reasons of further safety, his mother had him moved to a remote farmstead in the Border country, where he attained manhood.

He was almost thirty years of age when the House of Clifford was restored, under Henry VII. None can say how Clifford greeted the news of his title and estates, but so deep had his love of the country become during his prolonged evacuation, that he built a hunting lodge at Barden in Wharfedale, almost midway between the family castle at Skipton and Bolton Priory, so that, whenever he wished, he could there share the simple pleasures of country folk and indulge his passion for studying the stars.

Who knows, that same abiding love of nature—first learned during absence from the towns—may be the reward of many evacuees of the present time!

G. BERNARD WOOD.



ELY, ONCE A REFUGE IN A DREARY EXPANSE OF FEN



1.—NEWCASTLE BRIDGE IN 1770, SHOWING THE BREACH CAUSED IN THAT YEAR
From an old painting at Hamsterley Hall

HAMSTERLEY HALL, DURHAM

THE SEAT OF THE HON. S. R. VEREKER, M.C.

The home of R. S. Surtees, author of "Jorrocks," the present house was formed by Henry Swinburne, author of "Travels in Spain," in about 1770.

THE present Commander-in-Chief, Viscount Gort, and his brother, Mr. S. R. Vereker of Hamsterley, are grandsons of the author of "Jorrocks"; their mother, who died only six years ago, being one of the two daughters of Robert Smith Surtees. Since, at this time, anything to do with the commander of the British Expeditionary Force is worth knowing, it may be added that the first Vereker was a Brabançon captain in the service of Charles I, one of the gallant "49 officers" who, rather than surrender their commissions to Cromwell, escaped to lead an adventurous life in Ireland. His descendant, Charles Vereker, Colonel of the Limerick Militia, won a battle against the French under General

Humbert at Killala Bay. He also inherited the viscounty of Gort from a maternal uncle, the heir of the Prendergasts of Tipperary and County Galway, a family of remarkable characters descended from Maurice, Lord of Prendergast in Pembrokeshire, who was one of the Norman knights who sailed to Ireland with Strongbow in 1179. On the Surtees side the Verekers of to-day are among the very few families who can trace an undoubted descent from Saxon ancestors. The name Surtees is a corruption of *super Teysam*, i.e., "on Tees," borne in the early Middle Ages by a family descended from Ailsi de Teise, who married a daughter of Aldred, a pre-Conquest Earl of Northumberland and a great-granddaughter of the celebrated Earl



Copyright

2.—THE FRONT DOOR AND THE VIEW SOUTHWARDS

"Country Life"



3.—JACOBEOAN REPLACING GEORGIAN GOTHIC

Waltheof who held his Court in Bamburgh Castle in 976.

A Surtees held a piece of land in Medomsley, the parish in which Hamsterley lies, as early as 1367, but the family home was at Dinsdale, on the Tees, and from it radiated several branches. One was that of Mainsforth, which produced Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham; another, of Ebchester, gradually bought up adjacent properties along the Derwent Valley, of which Hamsterley, acquired in 1810, was one of the latest.

The scenery here, on the borders of Durham and Northumberland, has, of course, suffered badly from the development of its mineral resources. But there are broad stretches of farming and woodland, and pockets of demesne along the valley

of the Derwent, still deep and wooded in its course northwards to join the Tyne, which form more than a mere memorial of what this glorious countryside has been. One of these pockets is Gibside, a Georgian seat in a grand park belonging to the Earl of Strathmore; another, on a smaller scale, is Hamsterley, tucked away on the side of a tributary burn. The torrent bed is spanned by a battlemented bridge of antique appearance carrying the drive, and known as Handley Cross Bridge, built, as its name implies, by R. S. Surtees, perhaps out of the proceeds of the celebrated book published in 1854.

Climbing up from the bridge, the drive skirts the front of the hall and brings us to a front door at the side. At first sight the architecture is a little perplexing: Jacobean features



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4.—THE SOUTH FRONT, WITH JACOBEOAN WINDOWS FROM BEAUDESERT



"Country Life"

5.—NOW A GARDEN HOUSE: THE CUPOLA FROM BEAUDESERT



6.—THE GEORGIAN STAIRCASE



Copyright

7.—IN THE DINING-ROOM

"Country Life"

mingle with Georgian Gothic in the trimly symmetrical façade. Though parts of the back of the house appear to date from about 1700, containing fragments of a much older building, its construction is mainly due to Henry Swinburne in about 1770, the earlier features having been introduced by Mr. Vereker from Beaudesert since the demolition of that great Staffordshire house. Its cupola now serves as a summer-house; balustrading forms a charming formal garden, and some of the windows replace Swinburne's pretty Chippendale Gothic. To the left of the front the addition of the bay window forms an entry hall, entered at the side by a fine oak porch. One of the pinnacles of the Houses of Parliament, removed during the recent repairs, is also prominent in the garden.

Henry Swinburne was a younger son of Sir John Swinburne of Capheaton, third baronet, and head of an old Roman Catholic family of whom the sixth baronet is remembered as the grandfather of the poet. It was in 1763 that Henry inherited Hamsterley and a small annuity from his elder brother. Four years later he married a young lady with a considerable West Indian fortune and settled at Hamsterley, where we are told that he "laid out the estate with a painter's eye." In a few years, however, the couple tired of life spent among country squires and went abroad, beginning that series of journeys through Europe, and especially Spain, which he described in a series of books illustrated with his own drawings, and which were the first to make known in this country "the arts and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Spain." Hamsterley must thus have been re-built in the years between 1767 and 1774, when Henry, having spent some time in Italy studying pictures, was fresh with the fashionable fervour for "the picturesque."

His interesting life, which included personal friendship with Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, diplomatic missions to revolutionary France, and service in the West Indies, ended at Trinidad in 1803. Already his wife's income had shrunk to nothing; his eldest son was lost at sea; and a daughter had married the notorious Anglo-Indian swindler Paul Benfield. His remaining children sold up Hamsterley, which was bought in 1810 by Robert Surtees of Milkwell Burn.

The creator of *Jorrock's* was a grandson. His father, Anthony, had the reputation of being devoted to country life, an excellent shot, a keen fox-hunter, and a scientific forester. Thus the young R. S. Surtees was brought up at Hamsterley in an appropriate atmosphere, and, bred within hearing of Ralph Lambton and his famous hounds, early acquired the fund of lore for which he will always be famous. For a time he worked as a lawyer in London, publishing meanwhile a serious manual on horsemanship; then, in 1831, launching with Rudolph Ackermann the *New Sporting Magazine*, in which "*Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities*" first saw the light between that year and 1834. On his father's death in 1838 Surtees took up the life, for which he was best fitted, of a country gentleman, and it was at Hamsterley that all his well known works, with the exception of the original "*Jaunts and Jollities*," were written. A number of the Phiz drawings for the original serial, with notes by Surtees on them, are preserved in the house, also the portrait of him by Francis Grant.

Built by a *dilettante*, Hamsterley is again the home of a collector of works of art. Mr. Vereker has assembled here a choice and interesting collection, in which his preference is for the furnishings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with some important examples of earlier date. The interior, like the outside, of the house has been to some extent altered in accordance with this preference and to receive not only furniture and hangings of earlier date but wainscot, chimney-pieces and windows. The drawing-room, however, still retains its Georgian Gothic ceiling and wall treatment of an ogival arcade, and the staircase hall is a charming example of the period.

The living-rooms, all facing south, consist of a drawing-room, dining-room, and morning room, with an entry hall at the west end lit by the bay window



8.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, *circa* 1770, HUNG WITH GOTHIC TAPESTRIES



Copyright

9.—HENRY SWINBURNE'S GOTHIC DINING-ROOM, 1770

"Country Life"

on the garden front. The drawing-room (Fig. 8) is a happy hunting ground for the connoisseur. He is immediately arrested by the tapestry, ranging from Sheldon cushion covers and fragments of that rarest of weaves to magnificent Gothic pieces. Among the furniture, which it is hoped to illustrate more fully in a later article, there are prominent handsome Charles II elbow chairs, some good walnut stools and seventeenth century chests of drawers. A very fine oak credence

or buffet is of the Henry VIII period, which, though probably renewed in parts, is among the best surviving pieces of that age.

Swinburne's charming Gothic decoration survives in the dining-room, and the ceiling, grained like oak, is of the same date, and a very passable imitation of mediæval woodwork. The chimney-piece was originally at Crosby Hall before its removal from the City to Chelsea, and thus belongs to the late fifteenth century. On the fine Adam sideboard from the Gort house in Portman Square is a wassail bowl of heroic proportions inscribed *ex dono Robert Mynors 1694*, and bearing on the base the arms of James, Duke of York.

One of the bedrooms contains the state bed made for Speaker Foley and formerly at Stoke Edith, Herefordshire (Fig. 12). It is hung with dark green velvet and retains much of the exquisite embroidered silk lining to the shaped and moulded head-board. In another bedroom, the chintz-hung Regency bed (Fig. 10) was always in the house and might have accommodated Mr. Facey Romford himself. In a third (Fig. 11) is an impressive French bed, hung with wine and green cut Genoa velvet, formerly belonging to the Duc de Condé and



10.—THE REGENCY ROOM: R. S. SURTEES' BED

step-mother, Mrs. Tudor, East Cowes Castle, its prototype on the Solent. This in its turn had been abandoned some years before the war and is now going derelict.

Mr. Vereker, besides collecting beautiful things at Hamsterley and residing frequently in Canada, has done much to preserve the remaining ancient merchant houses at Newcastle. His purchase and restoration of Surtees House, which he has opened as a hostel for students, was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (April 28th, 1934); since then he has acquired adjoining premises and, but for the war, might have rescued yet further buildings in that historic city which contains unsuspected and, alas! too little appreciated architectural treasures of the past. Among the pictures at Hamsterley is a painting of old Newcastle Bridge, painted apparently in 1770 when the middle arches were swept away, carrying one of the wooden houses seven miles down-stream, where it was found next day with a cat and a dog in it still alive. The painting shows the central of the three towers that stood on the bridge, and some at least of the arches of the first stone bridge erected on the site of the Roman wooden bridge in the late thirteenth century.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



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11.—THE CONDE BED, FROM EAST COWES CASTLE



12.—THE STOKE EDITH BED

"Country Life"

coming from East Cowes Castle. It is worth recalling here the strange story of the Vereker castles. In the days of the Regency, Charles Vereker, second Lord Gort, is said to have so much admired Nash's castle at East Cowes that he commissioned him to build a replica at Lough Cutra, County Galway. This was done, at an expense that ruined the family and led to the sale of Lough Cutra Castle to Lord Gough. Later the Gort fortunes revived and the fourth Lord Gort inherited from his

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"WITH A DELICATE AIR"

MR. A. A. MILNE is one of those authors of whom it is true that it is not so much what they say that matters as the nice way they say it, but this is less true of his rather depressingly named autobiography, "It's Too Late Now" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), than of most things that he has written. Probably he has felt something a little like the difference between reciting and acting as one knew it in the schoolroom: reciting made you feel a fool because you yourself seemed to be doing it, but in acting you became the Red Queen or the Bad Fairy and what they did they were responsible for. Unable here to shrug it off as Mr. Pym or Christopher Robin, or even Alice, Mr. Milne is a shade—though only a shade—less than usual at his ease, a shade less than usual the lad with a delicate air. He also happens to be one of those who take the narrower view of autobiography as being not only by oneself but all about oneself—rather as one might regard "automobile" as meaning moving by itself and carrying no passengers. To make the point clear, a contemporary autobiography of the opposite sort was that wonderful beginning John Drinkwater made of his, with its English atmosphere, its gallery of portraits, its recognition that even such factors as the days of the old stage coach, over long before he was born, had played a part in making him what he was.

In Mr. Milne's book only three or four people live, among them his delightful father; his brother Ken, a rarely beautiful personality who alone would make the book worth while, and to whom he pays a lovely tribute; and Sir Owen Seaman, to whom his attitude seems to have been that of a spoilt child who resents all control so that he failed almost entirely to discover, beneath the superficial dryness, the just, staunch and understanding friend who was "O. S." for very many of us. The fact that editors, like colonels, are responsible for their staffs seems to have escaped his attention, and the same almost hysterical objection to control makes him able to write that it was "hell itself" during his Army service in the Great War to be expected to say "Please, sir" and "May I, sir?" to his colonel. The story of his life, his own admission "spoilt by good fortune," give a clue to that idiosyncrasy. He was not born rich, but he was born extraordinarily lucky, with a silver pen in his hand, and everything came easily to him; expectation after expectation was fulfilled at school, at Cambridge, and when he commenced author. He remarks that owing to the similarity of initials he has often received a good deal of credit for the work of Anthony Armstrong and Archibald Marshall; but the truth is that, in his own delicate and elegant way as truly—I venture to disagree with "Tonsant Weader"—without sentimentality as without passion, his work is individual and unique. When his idea is fully worked out and marries with his manner, he can achieve perfection in that type of English humour dependent upon the nice use of words which half his countrymen and most foreigners must find very puzzling.

Though Mr. Milne's autobiography is hardly a happy book, it has the undying attraction of the success story, always enhanced if the hero be our contemporary. Though he has not drawn many portraits, his self-portrait is excellent, and he ends with disarming charm on a note of apology and the hope that he and his readers will meet again. Most of us will echo it. B. E. SPENDER.

The Second World War, by Duff Cooper. (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

RESIGNING Ministers are sometimes prone to become rancorous and to take an unholy joy in saying, in and out of season, "I told you so." Not so Mr. Duff Cooper. His temper was well enough shown in the debate in the House of Commons the other day when the matter under discussion was the attitude that this country should take in the face of the then threatened "peace offensive" from our present enemies. Munich and all the name stands for in current events, Mr. Cooper's resignation from office last year and the speech he made thereon are still fresh in the memory, so that it is not necessary to define here the attitude he then took up, but it is well that the speech has been preserved and republished in the opening passages of this book. In the light of subsequent events and the outbreak and continuance of the war it makes, whatever the reader's personal views may be, impressive and cogent reading. Elsewhere the book is largely made up of comment on events between September and September, much of it reprinted from the author's current contributions to the Press. It reveals a temperate and thoughtful mind, the mind of an engrossed spectator with strong views and a pungent gift of expression, one who is gifted in the estimation of trends as they take coherent shape and is able to contemplate even so vast and incalculable a convulsion as the present without being now unjustifiably elated or now unreasonably depressed. But the question that all will ask and none can answer is, had Mr. Duff Cooper carried the Government with him last autumn, what then? At any rate, it seems more than probable that his services may be required again before the war is done. C.

Painting in England: Hogarth to Whistler, by Mary Chamot. (Country Life, 10s. 6d.)

THERE are now quite a number of excellent general surveys of English painting, and the appearance of another at a time when, one by one, the lights are going out shall serve to remind us that the arts have survived countless centuries of war and devastation, and will continue to provide refreshment for the spirit. Miss Chamot has avoided the blunder of most previous surveys, which attempt to cover too long a period, by starting with the rise of a distinctive national school and ending up with the Pre-Raphaelites. Within those limits she provides an admirably balanced account of English painting from its golden age, through its decline, into the abyss of sentiment and anecdote; and, though it

cannot be expected that she should be able to supply much new information, her comments are fresh and stimulating and admirably free from conventional prejudices. Disagreeing with the author's opinions, when they are obviously the result of independent thought and not taken over from earlier authorities, is one of the chief pleasures to be derived from a book of this kind. I would challenge Miss Chamot on a number of these estimates. The epithet "pompous" with no countervailing praise seems to me to give a very false idea of Thornhill's decorative work with its lively fancy and spirited handling, while concerning Barry, a decorator of a very different kind, I find Miss Chamot's remarks far too depreciatory: his mural paintings at the Society of Arts, despite their tiresome subject matter, are the most impressive achievement of the kind by an English hand in the eighteenth century. Then, I find Wilkie passed over without adequate recognition of his extraordinary natural gifts as an artist; and I should have expected justice to be done to the outstanding merits of Watts' early portraits, by one who shows herself so sensitive to the essential qualities of earlier portrait painters. But it is a dull book on painting that does not provide matter for controversy. Miss Chamot ought not to have countenanced the exploded legend that Zoffany's picture belonging to the Earl of Durham represents Johnson taking tea with the Garricks. R. E.

Greek Earth, by Sidney W. Hopper. (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

BOOKS on Modern Greece are comparatively rare, and, therefore, especially welcome. Unfortunately, Mr. Hopper has not made the most of his opportunities. His book deals only with a small section of Greece—Attica, Boeotia and Delphi; and, apart from certain not very profound observations upon such ancient monuments as come within his scope, is largely filled with certain other, equally not very profound, observations upon the Greek mode of life, character and countryside. Had he attempted to go deeper into Greece and the Greeks as they are to-day, Mr. Hopper would not, I think, have been unrewarded. However, this, at any rate, may be urged in his favour—that he really likes the modern Greek. Mr. Hopper complains of the difficulty in finding a policeman in Athens; a simple method, and one certain of success, is to park a car in some main street or even side turning. The police (among others) are then attracted to it as flies to a Greek butcher's shop—through no motives of officialdom, but out of sheer curiosity. On the other hand, the author has succeeded in doing what the present reviewer has been unable to achieve—he has found a good eating-house in Thebes. "Greek Earth" is quite wittily written, and with considerable sympathy but it does not give a particularly good nor a particularly accurate picture of modern Greece. PHILIP SCHAPIRO.

Three Acres and a Mill, by Robert Gathorne-Hardy. Twenty-one photographs. (Dent, 15s.)

THIS delectable book describes the author's feelings towards his garden and the plants therein. He rides roughshod over all preconceived ideas of what a book on gardens and plants should or should not be, for his garden is filled with treasures collected by himself in Spanish Navarre, the Alps, Teneriffe and Iceland. He takes us through the garden, and memories are constantly sidetracking his descriptions of the more humdrum delights of an English garden to dart off into vivid accounts of where and how and why he found the particular plants. This is a method of garden and plant description much to be admired; it prevents the author from becoming long-winded and the reader from that feeling of over-eatenness that must come from indulging too freely in any garden book, however well written. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy knows his plants. His chapter on Daffodils is full of common sense and good judgment. Unlike most gardening books—or, rather, books on gardens, two totally different subjects—"Three Acres and a Mill" is extremely readable throughout. It makes an admirable bedside book in which one can browse with great comfort and fall asleep with one's mind far away from the turmoils of this present world. The illustrations are worthy of the book. Above all, it has a human interest that is so often lacking. It is peopled with many characters, almost as many as there are plants, and they are all individual and engaging.

Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon, by R. D. Peck. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.)

THOSE who are fortunate enough to meet Mr. Peck in the flesh will realise that he is not only a very amusing man, but also a man of sound ideas. However, those who are not granted this delight have their recompense, first in "Fly-fishing for Duffers," and now in this little book. Here is the amusing fellow and "the man of sound ideas" clearly shown by his own pen, and if you cannot meet Mr. Peck at the club you can enjoy his company in print. There is humour—much of it—and sound ideas—many of them. The humour is reinforced by Mr. Bateman's drawings, but the common "fisherman-sense" needs no reinforcement. Mr. Peck and I are in accord. We fish for pleasure. We do not fish as "fishmongers" (his term), to lay great rows of salmon upon the lawn to be admired (with hatred and jealousy) by other less fortunate anglers. Nor do we look on the bait slinger with disgust—we are tolerant. We have, above all, a sense of humour and a sense of enjoyment on the river bank, and all business sense (except to use good tackle and try and catch a wary salmon) leaves us. We are one-fish-a-day men, and satisfied. When we are cold, we both fumble and hook ourselves. We both go in for ornithology when spinning, and if we do not find birds' nests in the trees or on the ground, we find them in that circular object—our reel. We both (on arrival) run wildly and excitedly from the car to the river: but then, we are very keen fishermen, and if you are, too, you will understand why "Spinning for Duffers" has so appealed to me. ROY BEDDINGTON.

Four-Part Setting, by Ann Bridge. (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.)

A MUSICAL symbolism and framework runs through this "study of that difficult subject, modern love" as the blurb calls it, and it is obviously intended to be as complete and deeply felt a comment on the nature of love as a song like "Fain Would I Change that Note" or "Oft Have I Sighed." But the intricate contrapuntal play of character aimed at has not quite been achieved; "Four-Part Setting" has only

succeeded in being a less lively re-hash of Miss Bridge's two former novels about China. Again we have the intensely wise and sensitive character with "a quite exceptional virtuosity in dealing with human relationships," a type more attractive on paper than in real life; again the handsome, sporting, amorous young man, talking in bromides but instinctively shrewd; again the pretty young innocent who falls in love two or three times in the course of the book, without apparently losing any of her innocence or wisdom in the eyes of her creator; again the bandits, the sudden illness, the picnics in temples. Miss Bridge can always catch and hold one's attention by her descriptions of scenery—of fields of flowers, of red and white pagodas on mountain ledges, of green water in caves and gorges; her keen eye for colour and texture, and her observation and memory of small telling incidents in the Chinese scene is as good in this book as ever. But this story of an expedition by five English people into the mountains west of Peking is too diffuse; and the study of modern love resolves itself into a rather rarefied fuss about nothing. The alto and tenor parts in the setting are better sustained than the soprano and bass; one of them is an easily recognisable and not particularly charitable portrait of a well known traveller and writer, who is neither "sensitive" nor "wise" in Miss Bridge's sense and is therefore rather despised by the other characters, but is actually the most sincere figure in the book. I hope that some day Miss Bridge may be content to write a simple travel book in which her noticing eye and powers of description, unhampered by a rather sickly valuation of character, might produce a really notable piece of work. A. C. H.

The Blood of the Martyrs, by Naomi Mitchison. (Constable, 8s. 6d.) TYRANNIES of our own day are illuminated by tyrannies of all other days. It is because we ourselves live in a time of dictatorships and of attempts to destroy by violence the free spirit in man that "The Blood of the Martyrs" is not only a good but an intensely moving book. Its characters are Roman masters and Christian slaves, the latter subjected to persecutions that are matters of history. But the book has a deep, contemporary interest because to-day, too, men and women are being imprisoned, tortured, killed for the faith that is in them, and by rulers who use the same methods as did Roman Emperors and their satellites. Miss Mitchison has written under this compelling inspiration of immedi-

ate events, and her interpretation of the past could not have been so sure if it were not for the light thrown on it by the present. She dedicates the book to "the named and unnamed host of the witnesses against tyranny and superstition and the worship of the State, witnesses for humanity and reason and kindness, whose blood is crying to us now and whose martyrdom will help to build the Kingdom which we all want in our hearts." V. H. F.

The Beginner's Book of Bridge, by Joy Weston. (Pearson, 2s. 6d.)

LONG dark evenings are likely to make many families, whose interests and amusements have so far been divided, find a communal centre in the Bridge table. It goes without saying that those who do not already play will be beginners, and for them Miss Weston's book will be the very pleasantest way of passing from that stage to the loftier standing of the player. It is a very attractive piece of work, for she imagines herself as instructing Mrs. Newbegin, her daughter Dodo, and their friend Miss Mugg, who admits to a knowledge among card games of Rummy and nothing more; and these three ladies represent very fairly between them the great majority of learners and ask just those pertinent questions for us that most of us would ask if we were learning from a teacher rather than a book. The result is a book which is a teacher, pleasantly light and digestible, too, so that even those who have many other preoccupations will find it easy to follow. It has many attractive illustrations by Joyce Mercer and, of course, numbers of specimen hands.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

ADMIRAL ROUS AND THE ENGLISH TURF 1795-1877, by T. H. Bird (Putnam, 10s. 6d.); A PAINTER'S PILGRIMAGE, by A. S. Hartrick (Cambridge University Press, 15s.); A SURGEON'S DESTINY, by George Sava (Faber, 8s. 6d.); PATES SIDING, by Bernice Kelly Harris (Putnam, 7s. 6d.); TEAMSMAN, by Crichton Porteous (Harrap, 10s. 6d.); FICTION: WATCH FOR THE DAWN, by Stuart Cloete (Collins, 8s. 6d.); LET ME GO BACK, by Winifred Peck (Faber, 7s. 6d.); GALE WARNING, by Dornford Yates (Ward, Lock, 7s. 6d.); THE DRAGON'S TEETH, by Ellery Queen (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.).

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE ANÆSTHETIC OF DON'T CARE

IT is an ill wind, but I have found one of my friends (he has as much cause as most men to be anxious over the war) to whom it has blown one tiny little speck of good. He has very much enjoyed his very occasional round of golf, and he has enjoyed it for the thoroughly human reason that he has played far better than he had done for ages. I must quote a few words of his own vivid account of his feelings. He says that he had been getting steadily worse and that every game was "accompanied by oceans of morbid anxieties and worry about it that made it almost better not to play." Since there has been something so infinitely greater to worry about he has played a few rounds "amazingly well for me just because I don't care a hoot how I play." He ends by saying that here is proof how right was the philosopher William James when he laid it down that "The mood of levity, of 'I don't care' is for this world's ills a sovereign and practical anæsthetic."

There are, no doubt, some happy creatures who never have worried about their golf, and they may find it a little difficult to sympathise, or at any rate to understand. There are many more, however, who will entirely comprehend my friend's sentiments; they will wish they "had half his complaint" and may be encouraged to take out their clubs, which they had put moodily away. I trust that they may find the "Don't care" cure equally effective, but I think it is one to be taken cautiously. Indeed, I am not sure that it is quite happily named. Perhaps there is not much difference, and yet I should prefer to call it the "Don't mind" cure. By whichever name it is known I assume that its supreme merit is that, when once the round is over, the player will not mind how he has played. He will not lie awake wondering what he has been doing wrong or dating his downfall with a horrid clearness of vision from that terrible let-off at the tenth, when, having the hole in his pocket, he went out of bounds or took four putts; he will feel the better for the exercise and forget everything else. It is the fact that he is going to adopt this eminently sensible attitude which has an admirable effect beforehand, and he plays well just because he knows that he won't mind if he doesn't.

At the same time, while he is actually playing he will, of course, mind to a reasonable extent. He may not think too much about how he is going to hit the ball, and that will be all to the good, but he will think about the simple act of hitting it and try his hardest. Moreover, he will enjoy every good shot, not because he fancies himself to have found out the secret and so will win the championship or the next monthly medal, not even because it presages another good shot, but simply for its own individual sake, because it gives him pleasure. I labour this point, perhaps, but the expression "Don't care" does not seem to me quite descriptive of this simple and happy frame of mind. We have all been conscious of not caring, sometimes because we are too many holes down, more rarely because we are too many up. In the first case we have felt cross, and in

the second bored, and in either case our game has probably suffered. Not caring implies, for me at any rate, not trying, and that is very nearly hopeless. We may think that we are not trying when we feel that we can walk casually up to the ball, put our feet down anywhere, have the minimum of waggle, and give the ball a resounding wallop. On these rare and blissful days we are in fact trying, but we are trying to just the right extent and not too hard. The professional golfer, with his almost insolent confidence and brevity of address, may look as if he were not trying or caring, but in fact nobody tries harder or cares more, and he knows that, if he ever allows himself to slip even for a moment into a mood of not trying, it will be the worse for his game. There used to be no better lesson in this respect than to play with James Braid in his prime in a friendly foursome round Walton Heath. He took as much pains over every stroke as if he had been playing for a kingdom. He tried and he cared, but he neither tried nor cared too much, and as to minding I am sure the match, once it was over, did not disturb his slumbers.

The fact that my old friend is playing so well has given me much pleasure on his account and also a little on my own, since it has made me remember how well I played myself for a while during the last war. The reason was rather different and perhaps less creditable. To some extent, no doubt, I did not mind how I played, though not minding has never been one of my strong points; but the real reason was that I played so regularly. On almost every single day, for weeks and even months at a time, I would make a short dash on to the Vardar marshes and either played a few holes or hit a few practice shots. The respite was brief, but it was regular, and the club came to feel an extraordinarily familiar thing in the hand. At the same time, one could never play too much and so grow tired and stale. Just that blessed little bit of golf became part of the daily routine, and I think that I then came much nearer to the professional's feeling than at any other period of my life. The hitting of the ball became very easy. There was not much time for worrying about the how and the why, and anyhow there was always the next day, on the which the wrong could be righted. There was not, as for the week-end golfer, a whole long six days in which to worry as to what had been wrong on one Saturday, and as to whether the projected cure would be effective on the next. The driver (stolen, I regret to say, or at least "scrounged"), with which I seem in memory to have hit so far and sure, is still in my possession. When I merely look at it now—for it is too sacred to risk—it does not appear particularly well suited to its purpose. Its shaft is bent and rather wobbly, its head inelegant, its grip, made of some kind of tape which was an R.E. store, is elusive and uncomfortable. Yet it was something of a magic wand then: at any rate, I like to think it was, and I "don't care" if in fact it was not.

FARMING NOTES

FERTILISERS AND TRACTORS—KEEPING A GOAT—THE RABBIT PROBLEM

SEVERAL friends in different parts of the country keep me posted about the progress of the food production campaign. A great many different problems are cropping up, and the more I hear the better satisfied I am that the county committees have been given a free hand. The members are competent men who know local conditions, and, without exception, the executive officers seem to be well up to their jobs. It is much the best course to leave each county committee to decide just which grassfields should be ploughed. The opinion of the farmer concerned will carry full weight with them, whereas an official from the Ministry of Agriculture would probably try to enforce some formula which had no relation to local conditions. Even so, there are still people who think that every farmer should plough up 10 per cent. of his grassland. In practice, some farmers can reasonably be expected, and indeed required, to plough considerably more. A mixed farm of 300 acres with eighty under the plough could probably manage another fifty acres without much inconvenience. The plough and other gear are there, and the farmer has experience of arable cropping. There are other farms, such as all-grass dairy holdings carrying perhaps a cow to the acre which, so far as wheat growing is concerned, are best left alone. Several county committees are taking this line, I think wisely. But they are emphasising to the small dairy farmer that if supplies of feeding-stuffs are drastically cut down he will be hard pressed for concentrates and may have to reduce his milking herd unless he grows some oats or beans to supply some of his cows' requirements through the winter. This is common-sense advice.

If there is general commendation for the Ministry of Agriculture's policy in giving the county committees full authority to decide what fields each farmer should be required to plough, there cannot be praise for the Government's foresight in providing the fertilisers and the tractors needed in the campaign for increased food production. Potash salts appear to have run out already, and, if supplies are available, they are not being released for application to the land where they are wanted. A Dorset farmer tells me that, following Government advice, he had his soil analysed and was told that the grassland he is ploughing needed a full dressing of potash salts to ensure a good crop of wheat. Well, he now finds that he cannot get any potash, and he feels that his good intentions are blighted from the start. We draw our potash supplies mainly from France and Germany in normal times. In war-time we have to go still farther afield. I hope the Government will search diligently for what potash is available in the world and let it be supplied to farmers before the spring. Otherwise I am afraid that a good deal of the light chalky land now coming under the plough will give disappointing yields.

The other bone of contention we hear most about is the Government's tractor scheme. The inner workings are a mystery, but apparently each county has been allocated so many tractors according to the acreage of grassland to be ploughed and the existing number of tractors in the county. Devon is to have forty Government tractors, so I am told, and Essex is to have ten. So far so good. But the trouble has arisen when the county committees wanted to put these tractors to work. In the first place, there have not been enough ploughs to go round. The Government had not thought so far ahead. Nevertheless, the county committees have been given most detailed instructions about the operation of these tractors, and a schedule has been drawn up which looks very nice on paper, but bears little relation to the needs of the case. Tied up with red tape, those Government tractors are merely a cause of exasperation to the county committees who want to get them to work where they are wanted. Most counties would prefer to hand the tractors over to responsible ploughing contractors rather than set up an organisation on their own account. No doubt common sense will sooner or later overrule the theories cherished in Whitehall and we shall see these

Government tractors in their bright orange paint really doing a job of work in the fields. * * *

The great growth of grass in the pastures which has held up ploughing on some farms has proved a blessing to the dairy farmer this autumn. He has been able to keep up the milk yield of his cows without depending so much as usual on the cake merchants' lorry. Deliveries of cake have been much delayed, and if this dislocation had come upon us in mid-winter the milk yield would have suffered seriously. As it is, the cows have done with little more than summer rations, and the farmer has saved on his cake bill. I understand that the Ministry of Food has now taken over complete control of all feeding-stuffs. The results we have yet to see. I hope deliveries will be more regular, but we are all of us wise to keep something in store in case the lorry is two or three days late.

Thinking about milk supplies, the goat may find herself in greater favour as this war goes on. A good many people who have a paddock could keep one or more goats and so secure their milk supply at the cost of little more than the grass which is probably now going to waste for most of the year. In our grandfathers' time many cottages always kept a goat, which browsed on any waste land. When Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other enthusiasts started the British Goat Society in 1879 it seemed that the goat would be firmly established in our farming economy. But not everyone likes goats. It needed the last war and the shortage of cows' milk in 1916 to bring the goat into its own. Several of my friends took to goat-keeping then. They professed to like the flavour of the milk and to be thoroughly pleased with their enterprise. But soon after the war their enthusiasm waned, and, except at the dairy shows, I have seen very few goats anywhere for the past fifteen years. I remember exposing my ignorance about goats to one of the exhibitors at last year's London Dairy Show. Asked to guess the milk yield of one goat, furnished with useful udder, I put it at two quarts a day. Nearly a gallon and a half was the actual performance. Well, we none of us know everything.

We shall all of us have to make a dead set on the rabbits this winter. There are far too many of them in almost every district to allow any complacency when the call has come for increased food production. Rabbits are an unmitigated nuisance to serious farming. In reasonable numbers they can be tolerated in peace-time for the sport they give, but now they are in debt to every farmer not only for what they actually eat, but for the grazing they foul. There must be thousands of acres close to woods and spinneys which are producing only a quarter of their proper output of crops and grass because of rabbit damage. The powers conferred on the county war agricultural executive committees can be used against owners who harbour rabbits to the detriment of food production. The Berkshire Committee are faced with a big rabbit problem, and they have made a start already. As a first step they are inviting the active co-

operation of land occupiers and owners, and they are sending round letters inviting them to take part in a county-wide campaign for rabbit destruction and reminding them what an enormous amount of harm is being done by rabbits, not only to the crops on arable land, but to many a field which within living memory was producing good wheat but was allowed to go down to grass because the farmer had to give up the fight against rabbits from adjoining woods. The committee's officer, who is charged with making inspection of properties infested with rabbits, will be asked to follow up the issue of the letters by inspections, and where it is clear that owners and occupiers of land are not co-operating, the committee say that they will take steps to compel suitable action. As a last resort, compulsory powers may be useful, but the appeal, backed by the keen demand for rabbits as meat, should do the trick in most cases. The man who can work a ferret will be in demand this winter.

CINCINNATUS.



"THE GOAT MAY FIND HERSELF IN GREATER FAVOUR AS THIS WAR GOES ON"

GEORGIAN YORK

LAST Wednesday the York Georgian Society was inaugurated by a meeting in the Mansion House—itsself one of the handsomest of the Georgian buildings in which the city is so rich—with the Earl of Harewood as its President, and the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop and Lord Halifax among the Vice-Presidents. The Society's objects—to take such steps as are possible to insure the care and preservation of Georgian buildings in York and its neighbourhood, and to develop public interest in the art and architecture of the period—thus have a distinguished support, and there is fortunately good reason to expect that, even in these times, the city of Lord Burlington and John Carr will rally to a Society that proclaims its aims in words so sane and necessary as these:

The lights of scholarship, of culture, and of appreciation of the fine arts will need to be kept kindled in the darkness of war. The provisional committee feels, therefore, that the Society, despite the war—and, indeed, in some measure because of its possible ravages and deprivations—should begin its work as planned before the outbreak.

In view of the position occupied by York in the history of Georgian culture it is appropriate that it should have its own Georgian Society, rather than a local branch of the Georgian Group of the S.P.A.B. But its objects are identical with those of the central body by whose initiative steps were first taken to



ENTRY TO THE JUDGES' LODGING (1718)

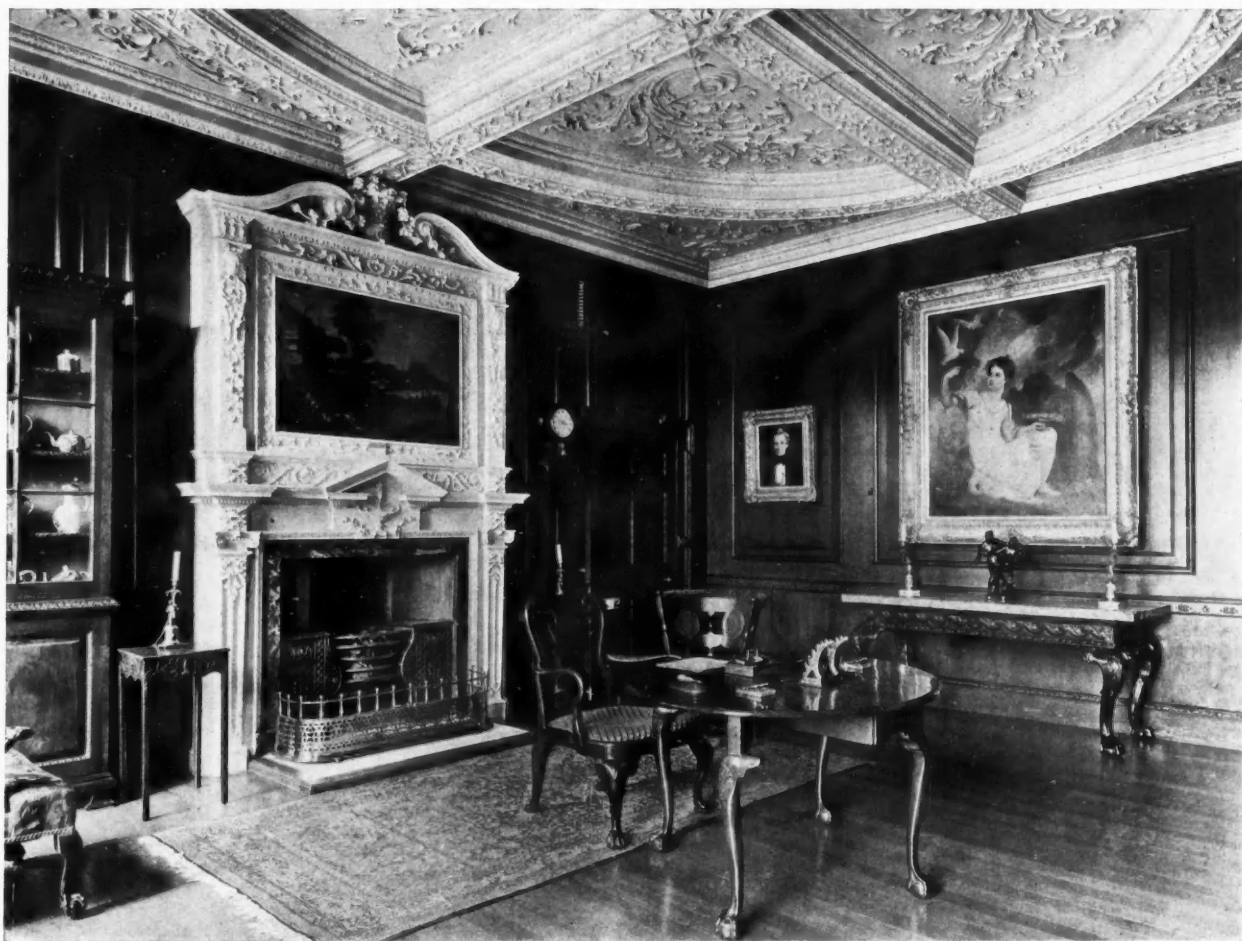
procure the public recognition of eighteenth-century architecture's importance, and with which it will of course co-operate. York has the peculiar distinction of possessing an eighteenth century architecture as splendid as its mediæval, to which it is indeed complementary. The beauty of the city largely lies in the way that the Minster and numerous churches, merchant halls, and mediæval gateways have as their setting the plum-coloured brickwork and dignified domesticity of the northern capital much as it was in the Georgian epoch. In the eighteenth century York became a social centre for the north of England, as important as Bath in the west. Assemblies and races succeeded the commercial and ecclesiastical wealth of the Middle Ages, and the administrative importance given to York in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the presence of the Council of the North, as "the chief support of the city," in the words of its contemporary historian.

The nobility and gentry gravitated to York for their "season," instead of undertaking the long and unpleasant journey to London, creating a demand for handsome lodgings or, in many cases, for private residences such as still line the principal approaches to the mediæval gateways, for their own use and that of their professional attendants.

At the end of the seventeenth century York faced the



THE ASSIZE COURT (1775) AND CLIFFORD'S TOWER



DECORATION CHARACTERISTIC OF THE YORK SCHOOL. THE SITTING ROOM, TREASURER'S HOUSE

prospect of declining from a capital city to a mere cathedral town. Her commercial position had long since been taken by Bristol; her administrative importance by Edinburgh; her industrial wealth by the rising towns in the West Riding. The renaissance was set on foot by Robert Benson of Bramham, M.P. for the city, by the instituting of York Races in 1707. A few new houses began to be built, of which the present Judges' Lodgings (1718) is characteristic. Then, about 1727, it was felt that the mediæval Guildhall was an unsuitable residence for the Lord Mayor. Benson, keen amateur of architecture though he was, was then an ageing man, but the Lord Lieutenant was none other than the leading patron of the new architecture: the Earl of Burlington. The designing of the Mansion House has always been ascribed to him, though probably the hand of Kent is to be traced. The celebrated Assembly Rooms, begun in 1730, rival those at Bath, and were certainly designed by the Earl. By this time an important school of masons and decorators had made York their home, centring round William Wakefield. An admirer of Vanbrugh, this mason-architect was perhaps responsible for the noble prison building (1705) in the Castle enclosure. Not only in York, but all over the county, fine houses were being built, with rococo ceilings, wainscoted walls, and richly carved fireplaces, many showing characteristics that enable us to trace the hand of the York craftsmen.

Thus, when John Carr, then a young man of thirty, made his name by designing the new Grand Stand on the racecourse in 1754, he found a trained body of craftsmen to decorate the country and the town houses for which commissions began to pour in on him. There is about all Carr's work a strong and sensible simplicity based on a sound knowledge of the text-books, which more inventive designers sometimes missed; but if he never executed a bad piece of work, he cannot be said ever to have designed a remarkable one either. His principal civic buildings are the Assize Court, built in 1777, and the Female Prison (1797), facing each other across the Castle Square, of which Clifford's

Tower and the Queen Anne gaol form the other two sides.

The styles of the Regency make little appearance in York. By the end of the century the improved roads and the rival attractions of Scarborough had deprived York of its fashionable *clientèle*. The railway, except for causing the erection of an immense if comfortable hotel overlooking the Ouse and outside the mediæval walls, left the old city alone. In recent years the influence of such loyal residents as the late Walter Brierley and Dr. Evelyn did much to foster that respect for the amenities of Eboracum which it is to be hoped will be augmented through the York Georgian Society.



LORD BURLINGTON'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 1730

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND

By KENNETH DAWSON

I GOT back just before the outbreak of war from an extended visit to Ireland, during which I fished a number of rivers and travelled a considerable distance by railway and motor car. When I announced my intention of going, almost everyone's first question was whether my destination was Northern Ireland or Eire. When informed that it was the latter, the venture seemed to be regarded as about on a par with a visit to a lion's den, and they appeared to envisage a gunman or bomb-thrower waiting behind each tree or street corner for the hated Englishman. It was on this account that I went out of my way in train and street, in public-house and by the river bank, to talk to as many people as possible. Naturally, I kept off politics, and the person who began airing his views indiscriminately might possibly find trouble—but then he would most certainly also do so in more places than Ireland.

The Irish of the working-class have, on the whole, very hard faces—that struck me most forcibly; they also take little or no interest in strangers, at any rate those who are obviously English. But get into conversation with them and the hardness vanishes, and they become the most charming people it is possible to meet—at any rate superficially—and no casual visitor is likely to ask for or expect more.

Much of the fishing is free, and when the rivers are in flood one will meet many of the locals, small farmers, tradesmen, crofters and the like, mostly armed with crude rods which are often no more than an ash pole cut from some hedge. To the end of this is tied a length of stout water cord, a piece of gut, and the "fly of the country," a worm. The chief quarry are the white trout—sea trout—which run up the rivers in large numbers during floods. Every man I talked with was most polite and courteous, ready to point out the best places; never once was there a surly word or look, or any sign of resentment at a stranger invading their preserves.

The I.R.A. bomb outrages and then the danger of war hit the Irish tourist traffic very hard. Hotels were mostly half empty or worse, and this naturally reacted on the farmers and suppliers of local produce. The proprietor of an hotel on Achill Island, which is famous for its sea fishing, rivalling even Ballycotton itself in this respect, was very bitter about the harm Irishmen abroad were doing those at home. Now, of course, the position is still worse.

Prices for home-produced foodstuffs were ridiculously low to English ideas. Cream was one shilling a pint, eggs sixpence a dozen, and a good-sized fowl cost a shilling. But in many other articles one's choice is very restricted by the high tariffs, which make imported goods prohibitive. For example, so far as I could discover, it is only possible to buy one brand of Turkish cigarettes, which are made in the country by the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Of cars, Ford has practically a monopoly because it is the only make built in the country, and there is, I am told, an 80 per cent. duty on any car imported from abroad. The friend with whom I was staying came to live in Ireland eighteen months ago, and brought with him a second-hand English make. It was allowed in free, but he had to sign a declaration not to sell it for two years. There is, however, no trouble at all in bringing cars in for a limited visit, and so keen are the Irish to encourage the tourist that Customs formalities are reduced to a minimum.

Game poaching, once rife, has been drastically curtailed by the new laws, which are rigidly enforced. A game licence costs £2, and there is nothing to compare with the ten shillings gun licence in England, so that few of the farmers or small-holders can afford to use a gun. To make the prohibition more complete, it is impossible for anyone without a game licence to buy cartridges. Each licence-holder is entitled to purchase 4,000 cartridges in a year, and every purchase must be entered up on the licence, the fine for disregarding this being heavy—up to fifty pounds.



IN AN IRISH PUBLIC-HOUSE
FROM A DRAWING BY THE COUNTESS OF ANTRIM

Peat cutting is a national industry, thanks to the decree that with every ton of coal bought the purchaser must take half a ton of peat. Along all the rural roads are the neat oval stacks of this fuel, and one can see it being transported in the local carts, all built to one pattern although in different sizes, and all painted the same combination of orange and blue. The reek of peat smoke is one impression which every visitor must take away from Ireland. Another is the vast number of donkeys, nowadays a rare animal in England.

Of the traditional Irish colleen with dark blue eyes and raven hair I confess I saw no sign whatever. Red heads are common in both men and women, but in a beauty competition I fear the latter would fare badly against the girls of the average English village.

Ireland has the reputation of being a wet land, especially the west coast. Yet the country had little of the rain which deluged many parts of England throughout July. All the rivers were too low for good salmon fishing, and this was responsible for an amazing spectacle in the Moy.

The famous Ridge Pool at Ballina, where there are falls which prevent the fish running up-river in low water, was simply paved with salmon. The pool is not more than about 250yds. long and 75yds. wide, practically all shallow water, and the head ghillie estimated that there were well over fifteen hundred fish in it. I spent nine hours one day on the pool, and I do not think there was one single period of ten seconds in which one did not see salmon, jumping, rising and rolling, often by dozens at a time.

In the day I hooked fifteen salmon and landed six, but a fortnight before I was there one man hooked fifty-seven and killed fifteen in one day. Another, fishing every day for a month, had a catch of ninety-six salmon, and in six weeks 415 salmon were caught in this one pool by anglers. The Moy nets, which average about forty thousand fish in a year, had had 33,000 by the end of June; but such beats as Mount Falcon and Foxford, above the falls, whose best months are normally June and July, had had one of the worst seasons on record owing to the long drought. Next year all the fresh-water nets above the falls, which average some six thousand salmon in a season, are being taken off, and this will result in the free fishing in Loughs Conn and Cullen being vastly improved.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OLD MANOR HOUSE
AS A CLUB FOR
EVACUEES

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think it may interest you to hear of the present use to which the old Manor House of Rotherfield is being put.

The manor itself was Royal land for a time after the death of William the Conqueror, and the now existing Manor House was probably built on the site of the earliest court-house where the lord of the manor's stewards lived and transacted the manorial business. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was mentioned as the largest house in the village, but it has shrunk considerably since that period, the western part no longer existing. Many interesting features, however, remain intact. The handsome panelling, the tiny powdering-closet, a beautiful oak staircase with drop ornaments and carved newels, and sloping oak floors and heavy beams with their massive joists, are all worth examining and are a delight to antiquarians.

Since the evacuation of mothers and children to this quiet little Sussex village, it occurred to those on whom had fallen the onus of billeting and the welfare work in connection with it, that a social centre situated in the village itself, where mothers from the London districts could meet together, would greatly mitigate the loneliness that urban dwellers are inclined to feel amid rural surroundings. Consequently the Manor House, which stands a little back from the village street and was in the hands of workmen at the time, was chosen for its roominess and the convenience of its position. The first floor, as well as the bathroom and kitchen, have been given over to the mothers and babies, and furnished with that end in view, and the women themselves claim the privilege of cleaning the building and running their club themselves, with a small committee of residents to control expenses and act as a court of appeal. The house is open all day, and tea can be brought in, thermoses and enjoyed in company, while the bathroom, fitted with hot and cold water, is a boon to those whose billets cannot offer sufficient amenities of the kind for an increased household. A small room, the walls of which are covered with beautiful Tudor panelling in perfect repair, is reserved as a species of board room, and the spacious attics, with their views of village and meadowland, have been commandeered by those ladies engaged in hospital needlework in connection with the Red Cross. The nursery and sitting-rooms are large, light and airy, and decorated in modern style, although the thrust of the great beams through the walls, the sloping oak floors and old-fashioned grates betray their origin. They are divided by the powdering-closet panelled to the ceiling, and having a wide window seat flanked by two tall wall cupboards built into the panelling, and as there is a door on either side of it, the mothers can watch their children at play through this miniature "ante-room" without leaving their work.

So popular has the Manor House become as a social centre that the most homesick of the evacuees are revising their ideas of country life and thus solving a very difficult war-time problem.—KATHLEEN M. BARROW.

FISHING
IN NORTHERN
INDIA

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The article on Fishing in Kashmir, in COUNTRY LIFE of September 30th,

THE MONUMENT IN HAMPSTHWAITE CHURCH TO
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN

interested me greatly, as I had the good fortune to fish for brown trout there for three months in 1920. I notice that the Rules for Fishing are somewhat altered, and for the good, I think. When I fished there the number of fish allowed per day was four, the minimum size twelve inches. If one had caught four fish, therefore, of fifteen inches one had to stop fishing for trout for the day, a regulation which, on such rivers as the Bringhi, was, in my opinion, bad, as the average size of trout there was about two pounds, and there were many fish much larger, all of whom were cannibals, but who were often left in the river each season. It was, I believe, a general opinion of fishermen then that they should be allowed to fish the full time for trout and keep the four largest fish at the end of each day. In a river like the Bringhi I and others did not keep any fish of less than about two pounds; by putting back anything smaller we took the chance of not getting our daily quota. Devon Minnows, etc., were also not then allowed; flies and the feathered lure only. I send a photograph of a small trout stream in early spring, the Kulgham River. It might almost have been a Scottish scene but for the irises and peach blossom (not shown in the photograph) that grew close by.—H. RAIT KERR.

A PEACOCK BUTTERFLY IN THE
HIGHLANDS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in a far-travelled butterfly. Last week I noticed a strange one fluttering on a window, and to my great surprise found it to be a Peacock. I liberated it, and it flew about the garden all day. This is the first I have heard of it in Scotland, let alone in the Highlands. This autumn I have not seen a single Red

Admiral, though they are usually quite common during September.—IAN A. FORSYTH, *Balintraid, Delny, Ross-shire.*

A COMPOSER'S
MEMORIAL

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the memorial to Amy Woodforde-Finden in Hampsthwaite Church, near Harrogate, where the famous composer lies buried. Although unveiled in 1923, this beautiful memorial is not well known as yet, but is certainly worth a visit.

The recumbent figure is supported at the four corners by cherubs representing "the angels that bear her to Heaven," while the base is decorated with scenes from several of the composer's songs, including the "Jhelum Boat Song," "Will the Red Sun Never Set," "Pale Hands I Loved," and "Allah Be With Us." Thus the general design on the base presents a picture of domes and minarets, desert sands and Indian paddy fields, a Burmese pagoda and the Jhelum River of Kashmir winding its way towards the setting sun. The memorial was executed by Mr. George Wade.—G. B. WOOD.

"AN APPEAL FOR HELP"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I have seen in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE the appeal you have kindly put in concerning this Council, coupled with the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association, which is very much appreciated. There is no doubt that the calls upon our funds are going to be greatly increased by the present war conditions, and it must be borne in mind that this Council was originally founded in 1914 as the Professional Classes War Relief Council. To what extent we are able to help new cases will depend upon the amount of support given to the funds. There is one thing I would like to add with reference to your appeal. You mention the Clothing Department, and unfortunately the Executive Committee have had to decide to close this entirely during the present emergency, as they have no facilities in the new premises for dealing with clothes.

May I express the Council's most grateful thanks.—G. M. WALTERS, *Secretary, Professional Classes Aid Council (Incorporated).*

TO A POET IN PRISON

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It may interest you to know that the last poem of mine that you printed, "Evening in Shoreham Harbour," with other country poems, found its way to an internment camp and brought a small gleam of pleasure to a Spanish poet shut away from all that makes life bearable. In the concentration and internment camps, where reading was permitted, poems of the type published in COUNTRY LIFE appear to have been specially welcome.

A young poet, born and brought up in a country that once knew freedom, seized eagerly on the lines:

"Peace is a moment borrowed out of Time,
And so immune from all that Time can do."

This, and another of the same sort, he said, "Might have been written for me under my actual circumstances now." I am sorry to say those circumstances are worse rather than better lately, but no doubt the poetry written even under such tragic captivity will, somehow, survive.—VERA I. ARLETT.



A TROUT STREAM IN KASHMIR



IN PILTON CHURCH, BARNSTAPLE

AN HOUR-GLASS HOLDER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I came across this remarkable object in Pilton Parish Church, Barnstaple, Devon, and think it will interest your readers. It is a very realistic metal arm projecting from the pulpit, with finger and thumb twisted round a piece of ornamental iron-work at the base of a very fine hour-glass. The hour-glass is thought to be about a hundred years old, but the arm is probably much older. It is so made that it can be swung to the side of the pulpit, there being a hinge at the "shoulder," no doubt for the preacher to inspect the hour-glass without having to move away from the pulpit.—J. D. R.

TAKING WILD LIFE PICTURES WITH A KODAK

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Using an ordinary quarter-plate folding pocket Kodak, I have often tried my hand at taking wild life pictures. Nature photography usually connotes special apparatus, and a hiding tent, but it is surprising what can be done with a simple outfit. My camera is by no means up-to-date. It is an old pre-war roll film model, with an f/6 anastigmatic lens and Koilos shutter. The rest of the outfit consists of a magnifier to slip on the lens for close-up pictures of eggs and young birds, fifty or sixty feet of rubber tubing and a large rubber bulb, plus a wooden arm release under which the bulb can be placed when I wish to make exposures at long range. This release consists of two short wooden arms, the lower one of which is pegged to the ground. A line is fastened to the upper arm, and passed through an eyelet on the lower one; a pull on the line then compresses the bulb and releases the shutter. For attaching the camera to a branch, a tree, or a peg in a wall, I use a little spring-toothed gadget which screws into the camera base and grips firmly. Occasionally I have used a light tripod with a ball-and-socket joint that allows of the camera being tilted. I have never employed a hiding tent. If you sit still when using the tube, or tube and line release, you can generally get all the pictures you want.

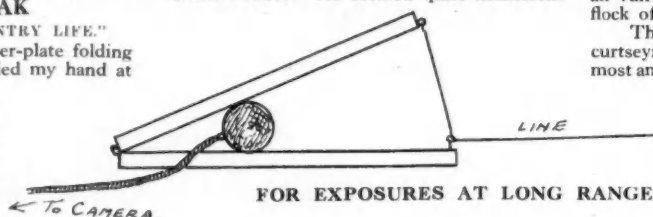
To photograph small birds like the wren, blue tit, and spotted flycatcher, you require little or no camouflage for either the camera or yourself. A branch

of nature photography that has received comparatively little attention, is that of animal and bird tracks in the snow. I have exposed dozens of films on these; and very interesting work it is, besides teaching you a lot about the habits of the track-makers.—RICHARD CLAPHAM.

THE BURROWING OWLS OF SASKATCHEWAN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Riding across the prairie in southern Saskatchewan a visitor may notice a small creature standing motionless on a little knoll beside the entrance to a badger den. It is not likely to be a prairie-dog, for I know of only one colony or "town" in the province, and it is not quite slender enough for a ground-squirrel or gopher. A closer approach will probably show it to be a bird, and as the observer draws nearer it will either slip quickly down the hole or fly to a neighbouring knoll, where it will be found to be a small owl. Sometimes two or three can be seen in the course of a long ride, but rarely more, for they are the odd little burrowing owls, and southern Saskatchewan is the northern limit of their range.

I can remember as a child reading about these birds living happily in holes with prairie-dogs and rattlesnakes, but unfortunately such stories do not conform to facts, and all of these creatures prefer to live alone. The birds on the knolls are really guarding the entrances to their holes, and make most determined efforts to drive any small animal away that attempts to intrude upon their privacy.



to the ground-squirrels, and they completely ignored him. The only squirrel that came near was immediately driven away, but he did not attack or pursue it and the animal was not badly frightened.

Now and then the bird looked at the hole and uttered a soft "took-took-took," as if in reply to a remark from his partner. About once an hour the female came to the surface and would spend ten minutes or more stretching, preening and scratching, so I inferred that the hole was both hot and verminous. Every now and then she would put her head down and her mate would gently scratch her eyebrows and ears



FOUR SMALL WISE OWLS

with his bill in a most affectionate way. I have never actually dug out a nest, but believe that horse-droppings are always used, together with odds and ends of various kinds. The long, almost bare legs of these small owls give them a rather strange appearance, but perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is their most un-owl-like fondness for bright sunlight.

About six weeks later I visited this nest again and found the young ones fledged and almost able to fly. They were as playful as a group of kittens or puppies and provided the most amusing day I have ever spent among the birds of the west. One or other of the parents—generally the female—stood on guard all the time. At the first sign of danger she would give a peremptory scream and they would all run back and down the hole like a little flock of sheep.

These owls have the curious habit of curtsying when interested and this action is most amusing to watch at close quarters. When

a large grey male marsh-harrier commenced quartering some low-lying ground not far away, the old owls were actually jumping up and down in excitement. Finally the youngsters were ordered below, but both parents remained on guard as long as the hawk was near. In Saskatchewan their food consists chiefly of insects and mice, although they are accused of destroying birds farther west. However, as they are little larger than song-thrushes, their prey is not likely to have an economic value.—H. H. PITTMAN.

BRILLIANTLY COLOURED FUNGI

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a particularly fine group of scarlet flycaps. In the autumn when the birch trees begin to change their light feathery coats from green to yellow, the woods are brightened by the appearance of these brilliant scarlet fungi. Sometimes the fungus has a flat top like a plate, while at other times the top is an almost perfect hemisphere; both kinds are shown in the picture. The fungus has a bright scarlet cap, profusely speckled with little white spots, fragments of the volva in which it was wrapped before it opened out. The stem is white and thick, and has a prominent ring around it, and the gills are also white. It is also known as the fly agaric or Amanita muscaria, and it is extremely poisonous.—E. M. BOOTY.



SCARLET FLYCAPS

SOME THATCHED ROOFS

RECENT references in your pages to thatch and the investigations of the Rural Industries Bureau call attention to a matter of interest, for thatch contributes much to the beauty of English villages south of Trent. I have myself been collecting facts about thatch in different parts of the country during the past five years; some notes may be worth recording.

In 1934 I asked an old thatcher in Berkshire why he worked only three or four days a week. He said his was piece-work and it was not good policy to work a full week at thatching in one place. A gentleman might draw £500 a year from each of several directorships, but he probably "held views" on the maximum that should be payable to a working man on Saturday. Last summer, when talking to a Devon thatcher, I was told that many of the Norfolk reed-thatchers worked only three or four days a week.

Some people who have built houses on the Devon-Dorset border have been to the expense of bringing both Norfolk thatchers and reed from the Broads "down West." This was primarily because they specially wanted roofs of Norfolk reed, but there was certainly more than enough work in the locality for indigenous thatchers: one or two new houses whose builders wanted thatch had eventually to be roofed with other materials merely because no thatcher



STRAW THATCH, DEVON

it done. Perhaps this was an old custom which has not shared thatch's return to favour.

Thatch is not usually associated with places of worship, though it is evident from the outlines of former roofs that it was widely used before lead was available, and is still to be found on a few out-of-the-way churches in East Anglia. I have lately

The cost of thatching with Norfolk reed ranges from £3 to £6 a square (10ft. by 10ft.), with £5 as a fair rough average. For straw thatch, the Rural Industries Bureau give the wide range of 7s. to over £2: I have heard of £3 a square. But a good Devon straw-thatcher with whom I talked last summer said that the local charge was 16s. to 20s. a square; this was for all new thatch, of a fair depth, but the straw used was not specially hand-threshed, as some Devon thatching straw is. Forty years ago, I have read, 10s. to 12s. was a normal price in Oxfordshire, but somewhere about 1901 agricultural depression forced the figure down to 5s. or even less, and many thatchers had consequently to seek new trades.

It is well to beware of the word "reed": in many parts of the West Country, wheat-straw intended for thatching purposes is invariably called "reed." I think, however, that in Kent "reed" means reed, as it does in East Anglia. I have read of the deliberate planting of house-leeks on thatch, but have not seen



CONGREGATIONAL MEETING HOUSE, HORNINGSHAM, 1566. The oldest Nonconformist chapel in England



CHAPEL AND PRIEST'S HOUSE, TIVINGTON, SELWORTHY, WEST SOMERSET

could be found to do the required work within the stipulated time.

A Norfolk reed thatch is supposed to last sixty years, but a prevalent notion that wheat straw thatch, such as is generally used in Devon, will last only ten years is wrong. Twenty to twenty-five years is a normal life for good straw thatch, and in the past, when wheat was hand-threshed, and straw therefore came to the thatcher in better condition, roofs would last even longer. A Devon thatcher asserted, however, that near Abbotsbury a different kind of thatch, with the ears of the wheat outwards, was commonly used, and that this kind of thatch did last for only ten or twelve years. But last summer I saw for myself that nearly all the thatch at and near Abbotsbury was of "spear"—a kind of very coarse reed grown in the famous swannery and said to last about fifteen years. A little farther to the east, and also to the north (in the New Forest and up in Berkshire, for example), there was thatch in which many of the straws had the heads or ears pointing downwards. It was called "tatt-en-tail" (top-and-tail?), and was said to last from six to twelve years. It looked vastly inferior to Devon thatch.

What effects the shortage of good thatchers and the consequent temporary transport of skilled craftsmen from one end of the country to the other may have on local thatching "fashions" remains to be seen. Three years ago, when on the Broads, I heard that there was then being made a kind of sham thatch—short ends of reed glued to a board; this, when *in situ*, was said to be indistinguishable to an inexperienced townie eye from the real thing. The development seems only one degree less deplorable than the replacement of thatch with corrugated iron.

come across three thatched chapels which are of interest in view of the revived popularity of thatch as a roofing material. The ancient Quaker meeting-house at Come-to-Good is some four miles from Truro. This very charming little building has been described as "the oldest non-conformist meeting house in England," and at another time as "The oldest Quaker Meeting house in England." Neither description is accurate: Come-to-Good's rustic gem is merely the oldest Quaker meeting-house in Cornwall.

Built of cob in the year 1710, it cost £69. Within are plain benches and a gallery: without, all is beauty, marred only by a relatively modern wooden shed at the end opposite to the ancient (thatched) shelter under which Friends used to put their gigs and traps.

Enquiries have shown that there are older Quaker meeting-houses at the Blue Idol, Thakeham, Sussex (1672), Brigflatts (1675) and Swarthmoor (1688). The oldest of all Nonconformist meeting-houses is, however, the Congregational Chapel at Horningsham, built in 1566 by Scottish artisans engaged on the construction of Longleat. Originally it was about half its present size, but I understand (the point is unchecked) that the lease has always contained a special stipulation about the roof's thatch, which is required to be renewed every eight years.

The comeliness of these thatched meeting-houses may make many of us regret that the authorities of the Establishment have usually not allowed parish churches to retain the primitive form of roof. However, the delightful little fifteenth-century chapel-of-ease (with cottage attached) at Tivington, Selworthy, Somerset, has a thatched roof. This belongs to the established Anglican Church.

J. D. U. W.



QUAKER MEETING HOUSE AT COME-TO-GOOD, 1710
The oldest in Cornwall

HOT POTS AND STEWS

I HAVE for some time past been intending to write a book called "Creative Cookery." Whether I shall ever sufficiently overcome my natural sloth to do so remains to be seen. But the point of the book will be to teach people the fundamental methods of good cooking and then inspire them to devise variations on the original themes. That is what turns cooking into one of the creative arts: mastering the essential technique and then proceeding to invention.

Now hot pots and stews are a real test of the cook's imagination. They can be watery and tasteless, or well seasoned and delicious. What is the basic secret of a good hot pot or stew? The answer is simply this: start off by frying the meat. Why? Because all meat has a coating of albumen on its outer surface. If heat is applied gently to this it melts and lets the juices and flavour run out of the meat. If heat is applied violently as in frying (the fat must be smoking hot) the albumen coagulates and seals most of the juices and flavour inside the meat, so that after stewing for two hours it still has a good appetising taste.

HOT POT (FOUNDATION RECIPE).—Trim the required number of best end of neck chops and fry them in very hot dripping (only enough to coat bottom of pan) for two minutes on each side. Then press them down into the bottom of an earthenware casserole. Cover with a layer of thinly sliced onion rings, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then cover with a layer of sliced potatoes. Season this, and repeat the layers of onions and potatoes till the pot is full. The last layer must be potatoes. Pour in half a pint of hot stock or water, put the lid on, and put into a fairly slow oven (Regulo 2) for two hours (if you use more than two pounds of meat, allow an extra hour's cooking for each extra pound), remove the lid for the last half-hour to let the top potatoes get brown.

That is the simplest form of hot pot and can be excellent if well made. But once you have mastered the method there is no end to the variations you can devise. Here are a few suggestions:

1. A layer of sliced kidneys, lightly fried.
2. One or two layers of lightly fried mushrooms.
3. Layers of sliced leeks and celery.
4. A layer of sliced ham.

A beef hot pot is made in exactly the same way as above, substituting steak for chops. If you use stewing steak allow an extra hour's cooking. Here are some ideas to add to a plain beef hot pot:

1. A layer of sliced, lightly fried calves' liver.
2. A layer of fat bacon or lightly fried gammon.
3. A gill of red or white wine.
4. One or two layers of carrots.

Rabbits, pheasants, boiling fowls, partridges, all make excellent hot pots, if you joint them neatly and fry them first. The juice of a lemon and plenty of chopped herbs sprinkled on

each layer, and lightly fried mushrooms, go well with them.

VEGETABLE HOT POT.—A layer of potatoes slightly browned in hot fat makes a good foundation for a vegetable hot pot (be careful to use a vegetable fat if you are having a vegetarian to lunch). You can also brown half the sliced onions. Put alternate layers of different vegetables, including tomatoes and fried mushrooms when available. Pour in half a pint of hot water and cook with the lid on in the usual way for about one and a half hours.

How does a hot pot differ from a stew? The only way in which it does is that a stew needs rather more liquid. How many cooks make tasteless Irish stews! This is invariably because they do not start by frying the mutton chops. Here is the proper way to make

IRISH STEW.—Cover the bottom of a stewpan or casserole with a layer of sliced potatoes. Cover this with a layer of trimmed chops which have been fried in very hot fat for two minutes on each side. Then put a layer of sliced onion, then a layer of sliced potatoes, seasoning each layer as you go, then a handful of peeled button onions, then more potatoes. The top layer must be potatoes. Pour in one and a half pints of stock or water (or enough barely to cover the top layer), bring to the boil and simmer for two hours. Or it can be cooked in the oven like a hot pot if more convenient. Remove the lid and sprinkle well with chopped parsley before serving.

A pleasant addition to an Irish stew is a handful of barley when the stock or water comes to the boil. Allow an extra half-pint of liquid for this.

And here is an excellent French recipe for mutton stew to end up with:

CASSOULET DE MOUTON.—Get half a boned shoulder of lamb, trim off some of the fat and cut the meat into one-inch cubes. Brown these in very hot fat, turning them over so that they get sealed all over. Then add a finely minced small onion, let it brown slightly, then stir in two heaped teaspoonfuls of tinned tomato purée (or two tablespoonfuls of tomato ketchup), two crushed cloves of garlic and a double handful of blanched haricot beans.* Just cover with hot water, bring to the boil, add seasoning and a bunch of mixed herbs with two bay leaves. Simmer gently for two hours (simmering is a very important point in stews, fast boiling makes the meat tough and leathery). Pour into a gratin dish, cover with brown breadcrumbs, dot with flecks of butter or margarine, and brown under grill or in a hot oven.

***To Blanch Haricot Beans.** (French Method).—Soak them in water overnight. Drain and put them into a marmite and cover them with warm water. Bring to the boil, season well, then remove from stove and stand aside for one hour. Drain the water away, and the beans are blanched and ready for final cooking.

PENELOPE CHETWODE.

RACEHORSE TRAINERS OF THE SEASON

THE leading owners and breeders, the leading classic horses and handicappers, and the leading sires, have formed the subject-matter of recent articles; here it is proposed to deal with the leading trainers. Their place in the bloodstock world is, of course, one of great importance; yet it was not until 1932, when the one hundred and sixtieth volume of the *Racing Calendar* appeared, that their names were given a place in its pages in connection with the winners of races.

During the present season Mr. Jack Jarvis had, until racing stopped on September 3rd, saddled sixteen winners of twenty-four races carrying stakes of £54,446. These figures may be increased before what remains of the racing programme has been carried out, but in any case his position at the head of the list is now unassailable. The youngest of the three brother trainers, Mr. Jack Jarvis, who has resided at Park Lodge, Newmarket, since 1919, is a grandson of J. Godding, who trained Macaroni to win the Derby of 1863, and a son of W. Jarvis, who took to training after starting as a jockey. Mr. Jack Jarvis also began his career in the saddle, and rode his first winner at Liverpool in 1903, when The Page, with 6st. 11lb. on his back, scored in the Earl of Sefton's Plate. Further victories followed during the season—on Wet Paint in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester, on Foundling in the Alexandra Cup, on Marsden in the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby, and on Romer in the Derby Gold Cup; but increasing weight led to the inevitable result, and after a season or two over obstacles Mr. Jack Jarvis left the saddle for the more equable life of assistant to his father. This continued until he was appointed private trainer to Mr. A. E. Barton, and then after the last war, during which he served as a sergeant-instructor in the Royal Engineers and the Tank Corps, he began on his own as a public trainer and has never had cause to look back.

Sir William Cooke and Sir George Bullough were among his first patrons, and for them he won innumerable races, including the Gold Vase and the Gold Cup at Ascot for the latter, with Golden Myth. The late Lord Rosebery and Sir Laurence Philipps—now Lord Milford—were other supporters. Victories in the One Thousand Guineas through the medium of Plack—the only good chestnut filly that Hurry On ever sired—and in

the Two Thousand Guineas through Ellangowan, were accredited to the then owner of Mentmore; Lord Milford, under his old name, won the Two Thousand Guineas with Flamingo, and this season celebrated his elevation to the peerage by winning the Gold Cup at Ascot with Flamingo's son, Flyon. The present Earl of Rosebery saw his colours carried to success by Sandwich in the St. Leger of 1931, and, but for war, might well have been able to congratulate his trainer on the triple-crown victory of Blue Peter.

Mr. Jack Jarvis's two brothers, William and Basil, also have distinguished records. William, the eldest of the three, is in charge of the Egerton House stables, which shelter the horses belonging to H.M. the King and from which we all look forward one day to seeing further successors to the classic winners Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee and Minoru, coming to carry the Royal colours to victory. Basil, like Jack, was a one-time jockey. In 1909 he became a trainer, soon after saddling his first winner in Mr. G. A. Prentice's Honolulu. Since then many good horses, such as the Derby winner, Papyrus, the Ascot Gold Cup victor, Periosteum, and the Goodwood Cup winner, Dubonnet, have passed through Mr. Basil Jarvis's hands, and now, with all Lord Glanely's horses to look after, he will rise higher in the list of winning trainers than the fifth place which he occupied in September.

To return to the order of this year's list, Mr. Joe Lawson of Manton fills the second place. The story of this universally popular trainer is a romantic one. Born in Bolton, he began life as a farm boy, but later on was apprenticed to Mr. G. A. Barrasford's stable near South Shields, and had his first ride in public on Punchinello at Gosforth Park in 1897. The jockey's dread, avoirdupois, however, soon put an end to his riding, and he repaired to Manton, there eventually to become travelling head-lad to the well known trainer, Mr. Alec Taylor. On Mr. Taylor's retirement at the end of 1926, Lawson was appointed trainer in his place, and five years later had the satisfaction of beating all previous records by turning out thirty-one horses to win fifty-eight races carrying £93,899 in prize-money. So far the Derby has eluded Mr. Lawson's grasp, but other classic successes have come his way through Orwell, Pennycomequick, Exhibitionist, Pay Up,

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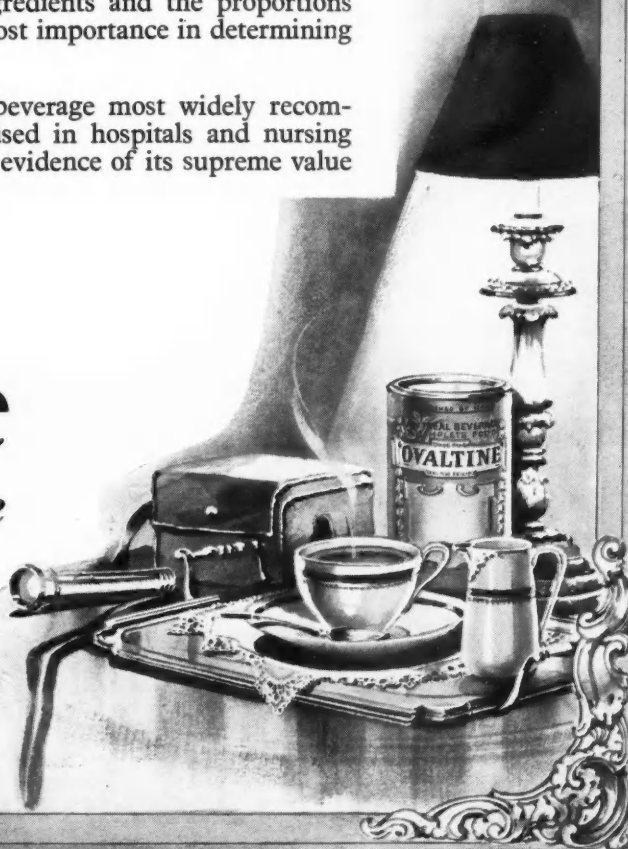
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P 494A



and Galatea II, while both Trimdon and Tiberius have accredited him with the Ascot Gold Cup.

An Irishman of an old Irish family long connected with the Turf, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who served with the Scots Guards during the last war, fills the third place on the list. Learning his profession with such masters of the art as Mr. H. S. Perse of Stockbridge and Captain Dewhurst of Newmarket, Captain Boyd-Rochfort at first managed Sir Ernest Cassel's horses when they were trained by Mr. Hugh Powney, but in 1923 took out a licence on his own, and set up as a trainer at Freemason Lodge in Newmarket. Like Mr. Lawson, he has yet to produce a Derby winner from his stable, but many sterling horses have passed through his hands, among them the Eclipse Stakes victor, Royal Minstrel, the St. Leger winner, Boswell, and the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Precipitation.

Mr. Frank Butters, who fills fourth place, is a son of the late Mr. Joseph Butters, who rode for the Emperor Francis Joseph and won all the classic races in Germany, Austria and Hungary. Though born in Austria, he was educated in England, and then returned to the country of his birth, where he trained San Gennaro to win all the classics. From Austria Mr. Butters repaired to

Italy to handle the winners of over 1,500 races, and then came back to England to assist the Hon. George Lambton in the training of Lord Derby's horses. These he took over in 1927, and was responsible for the preparation of Toboggan, Fairway and Fair Isle for their victories in the Oaks, St. Leger and the One Thousand Guineas. Later on Mr. Butters became associated with the Aga Khan, and turned out the triple-crown winner, Bahram, the Derby winner, Mahmoud, and the St. Leger winner, Firdausi, who, incidentally, beat his stable-companion, Dastur, with another stable-companion, Udaipur, fourth, and Taj Kasra, yet another, fifth.

Sixth in the list after Mr. Basil Jarvis is Mr. Fred Darling, the Beckhampton trainer, who comes of a line of jockeys and trainers. Mr. Fred Darling's great-grandfather won the St. Leger on Rockingham, and his father trained Galtee More to win the triple-crown of 1897. On his father's retirement in 1913, he went to Beckhampton, where he has come under his tutelage the Two Thousand Guineas victors, Cameronian and Pasch, the Derby winners, Captain Cuttle, Manna, Coronach, Cameronian and Bois Roussel, and the St. Leger winners, Hurry On and Coronach.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

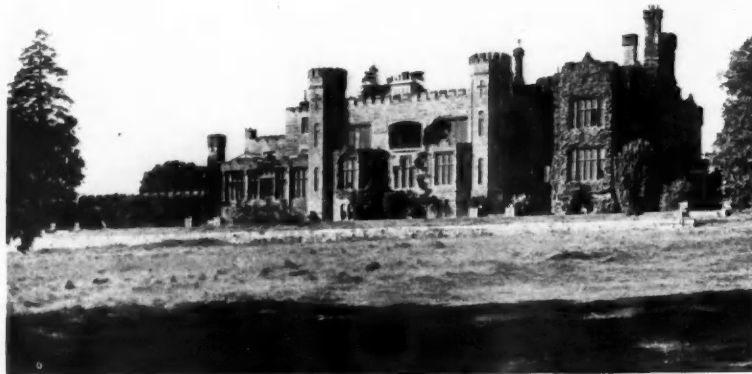
EMERGENCY LEGISLATION

SO far as is practicable at the moment the emergency legislation relating to real estate and other interests aims at an equitable basis of compensation or other adjustment upon interference with normal rights and privileges. The new Defence Act, authorising (among other things) the requisitioning of land, however, expressly excludes any diminution of value due to loss of pleasure or amenity, and any increase of value due to the emergency. It is not easy to see how the latter is likely to arise. The compensation is to equal the rent that might reasonably have been expected in normal times, and the cost of making good any damage, fair wear and tear and damage by warlike operations excepted. The leave of the court must be obtained under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act with regard to proposed distresses for rent, or foreclosure, and also forfeiture of any deposit.

The rights of landlords and tenants are substantially varied by the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Act, which exempts a tenant from any obligation to pay rent for any damaged part of a property, subject to the service of prescribed notices, and the power of the Court to enjoin reasonable action on the part of the tenant. A landlord can, however, contest the right of the tenant to disclaim the tenancy. The modification or extinction of restrictive covenants (provided for under Section 84 of the Law of Property Act, 1925) is apparently, in some contingencies, to be much extended. A special Act prohibits, except by leave of the Court, execution on judgments or orders for recovering possession of property in default of the payment of mortgage money or rent. Rent restrictions are extended to houses the rateable value of which did not, as at April last, exceed £100 in London, £90 in Scotland, and £75 elsewhere.

MORTGAGES AND WAR RISKS

MORTGAGES on such houses cannot be called in as long as the rent is paid and the covenants are reasonably well performed, and the rate of interest cannot be raised. There are many other measures directly or indirectly affecting the ownership or tenancy of property. Looming large over the whole question of real estate is that of insurance against war risks, and one of the latest authoritative pronouncements on an aspect of it is the advice, given by the Board of Trade, that "anyone invited to insure his property with companies that offer such cover should consider whether an undue proportion of the premium may not be appropriated to management expenses, and to consider the severe limitation which events might impose on the amounts which might eventually be available in individual cases."



WADHURST CASTLE

Perhaps the best advice that can be given to owners and tenants or others involved in the resultant legal problems affecting real estate of every description is that they should, from the outset of any question arising, leave the handling of it to their legal advisers; and, to safeguard their rights to compensation under the various heads of the mass of legislation, they should, if possible, retain a valuer of recognised standing to record the existing state of premises and other property, for such a record cannot fail to be of great service in the unhappy event of war damage having to be assessed.

Finely illustrated details of Wadhurst Castle can be had on application to the Arlington Street headquarters of Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The house is beautifully remodelled, and stands 520ft. above sea level, in over 100 acres of freehold parkland, six miles from Tunbridge Wells.

SOME WAR-TIME TRANSACTIONS

THE 875 acres of Haynes Park, including three farms, woodland and other areas, were withdrawn, at an auction held in Bedford by Messrs. Robinson and Hall, at a final bid of £11,300. The agents were then about to submit the property in many lots when a private offer, rather above the withdrawal figure, resulted in a private sale to a buyer from Stevenage.

Timber was, as usual, keenly sought for at another important auction, that of the Aldermaston estate, which came under the hammer of Messrs. Gribble, Booth and Shepherd, in hundreds of lots, on the estate. The mansion changed hands before the auction, and it is reported by a local correspondent that an electrical company has acquired it. Paices Wood, over 100 acres, for £7,000, and some of the farms, were among the larger lots, contributing to a total believed to approximate to £100,000. Some useful lots remain for disposal, but on the whole, having regard to the high percentage of lots sold and the prices, the auction was very successful. Agents of would-be vendors of woodland are studying the new Timber Restrictions, and are inclined to wish that advantage

had been taken a month or two ago to realise such woods as are ready for felling.

For Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., Messrs. H. B. Baverstock and Son have sold The Old Farmhouse, a Tudor survival in 7 acres at Elstead. The firm has also sold Thrums and 9 acres, in Churt; Rose Acre, 2 acres, with a private theatre in Godalming; Corner Farm, a Tudor house and 66 acres, at Chiddingfold; and, with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, another Chiddingfold freehold, Hazelbridge Court, 80 acres.

Surrey sales by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley include Bayfield, near Guildford, a property of nearly 14 acres.

Major Brace, F.R.I.B.A., restored Western House, Odiham, a property which Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co. have sold on his behalf. They have also sold The Old House, Southolt, Suffolk, an Elizabethan house in 11 acres; and Old Place, Chipperfield, a restored Elizabethan house near King's Langley. These sales have followed promptly the formal offers of the properties in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE, and Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co., in emphasising that fact, mention that the Chipperfield freehold fetched a great deal more than had at first been named for it.

FARMS IN THE FENS

SIXTEEN farms, served by fourteen miles of private full-gauge railway, between Ely and Stoke Ferry, came under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. at Berkeley Square. The estate, known as Wissington, produces a gross rental of well over £6,000 a year, and its main production is for the Wissington sugar beet factory. There was an unusually large attendance at the auction, including many London and East Anglian estate agents. The competition began at £40,000, and went on briskly up to £55,000, when bidding became more cautious, and at £59,000 Mr. A. John Wood put the property aside and at once private negotiation was opened for it.

Kentish farms are a good market. Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons have just sold several, with fine old houses belonging to them, including one of 210 acres at Kennardington, two in Bethersden, of 150 and 51 acres respectively, and another in Warehorne of 166 acres.

Netherton Hall, four miles from Honiton, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Constable and Maude. The Hall was built in the year 1607, and incorporates part of a still older house. Sir Edmund Prideaux was the building-owner, and his family's armorial bearings adorn one of the wings. The Hall was extensively remodelled 100 years ago, as recorded by tablets on the front of the house.

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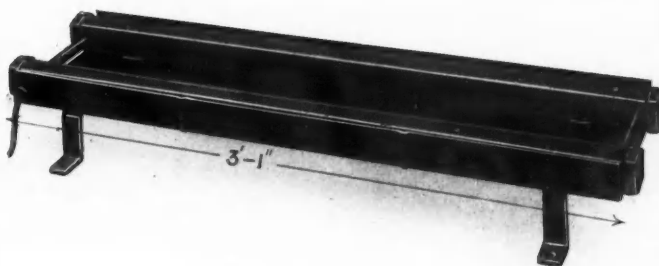
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FASHION FAIR

COUNTRY HATS

By DORA SHACKELL



NEVER were country clothes more in favour. This applies not only to the choice of the native of the countryside, but to that of her new-found guest from town too. And even among the now select band of town-dwellers there is a feeling for that serviceability which country clothes provide.

A sign of the times is that it is more *chic* to look casual than to appear dressy. The note is informal rather than formal. What is even more to the point, one should appear to be dressed with common sense and not with any affectation. Maybe later on we shall recover some of our individuality in clothes. After all, this freedom is what we are fighting for: the liberty that allows us each to follow his own bent. To keep this spirit alive, even in such matters as dress, is surely every woman's duty!

* * *

For the moment the emphasis is certainly on tweeds and woollens, and their proper



THE four felts in the photographs are all from Woodrow. Each can be had in all sizes and all colours.

DEBENHAM'S make the two attractive country hats in the drawing at the top of the page. The beret has an adjustable back.

accessories of brogues and country hats. But there's the rub! Not every woman knows how to choose a country hat. And however cunning she may be in finding lovely tweeds, contrasting this colour with that, and generally making the most of their charm, all is lost without the final *cachet* of just the right piece of headgear.

It really is very much worth while for the countrywoman to be sure that her hat

does add the seal of perfection to her *ensemble*. In the case of the townswoman, more accustomed to the flightier kind of hat, it is even more important that she be on the *qui vive* in the matter where the new sort of clothes are concerned. Incidentally, the notion held by some townfolk that it is smart to be hatless in the country is nonsense. Even if it were so, the only sure result of such a whim in bad weather is a cold in the head. The smart

countrywoman is generally as well set up in hats as her town cousin. Probably better so, since her orbit is often wider. And, after all, a hat is primarily meant for out of doors.

Once the initiate has crossed the rubicon from the forward-tilted scheme of the town hat to the more purposeful lines suitable to the country, she will probably become an ardent supporter of them. They really do have some genuine advantages. In place of "amusingness," country styles have real flattery. And against the constant worry of straying hair there is the blessed luxury of being completely carefree in this respect. There is, too, the feeling that one can relax into naturalness, since every angle of a well chosen country hat is kind to you. Totted up, it all makes one rather wonder about the other sort!

Obviously the thing to do in choosing a new hat is to be constructively critical of yourself.



THESE four hats are all from Lincoln Bennett. The useful little turban can be made in any colour.



THE hat in the big photograph is in angora, but it can also be made in tweed to match your coat.

Consider, do you need a high or a shallow crown: a wide one or a narrow one? Should you show your ears, the back of your head, or your forehead? Must the brim cut diagonally across your forehead, or should it be serenely steady? And the important question—do light or dark colours best become you?

This is one of the grandest features of the hat for the country. Once you have decided those points, there is no need to harrow yourself with countless "tryings-on." Make up your mind which style is going to suit you, and then have it made in exactly the colour of your choice. This arrangement allows you to be very individual in your tweed. And if you want to pick up the colour of your scarf or jumper, a contrasting band of ribbon on the crown will do it very effectively.

Even more open to individual suggestions is the wool hat with the peaked brim. This could be made in the same tweed as your coat, and so be an entirely exclusive affair! The turban is another grand model for those who want a quite personal touch to their hat. Woodrow suggest angora; but if you have a jersey dress it would be very lovely to have a turban in jersey to match.

Altogether, there really is plenty of scope for you in these country hats.

LATE-FLOWERING HEATHS

VARIETIES NEW AND OLD WHICH WILL ENRICH THE AUTUMN GARDEN WITH MASSES OF COLOUR

TO anyone having a lime-free soil the hardy heaths will bring unqualified satisfaction, for even a modest collection will ensure some being in colour at all times of the year and, since they are practically self-supporting, they make a special appeal in days like the present, when the strictest economy has to be observed.

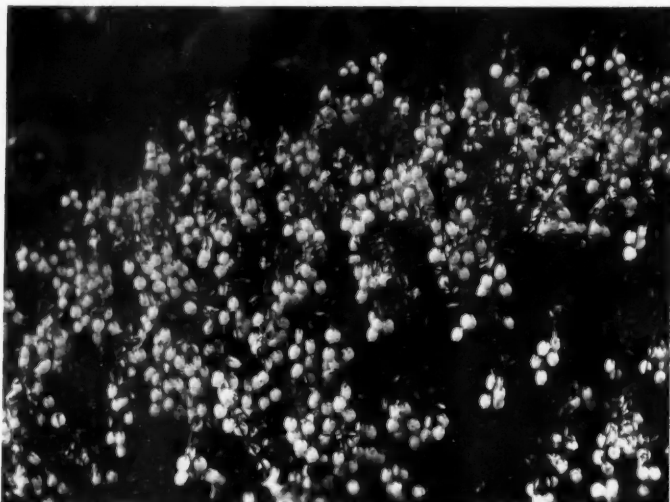
While not overlooking the immense value of *Erica carnea* and *darleyensis* in the winter garden, the autumn bloomers are hardly less worthy, for they are at their best when few other shrubs are in blossom, and, in defiance of early frosts and rough weather, they will yield billows of splendid colour to November.

Although one is apt to regard *E. vagans*, the Cornish heath, as the trump card among these late bloomers, there are others to be reckoned with. In October, by way of example, we shall still find *E. ciliaris*, the Dorset heath, and several of its fine hybrids in full colour, notably the rich rose-crimson *Maweana* and Mrs. C. H. Gill, the white-bellied *Stoborough*, *E. + Dawn* and *E. + H. Maxwell* with clear rosy pink blooms. Nor will all the bell-heathers (*E. cinerea*) be over, for that wonderful little plant, *E. c. atrorubens*, with ruby-rose bells, and the rather paler and brighter *E. c. carnea*, will remain undimmed until November is nigh. Placed about a couple of feet apart in groups, all the above will present drifts of cheerful colour for four or five months, and once they have covered the ground they will effectually smother all weeds and prove a garden feature of inestimable worth.

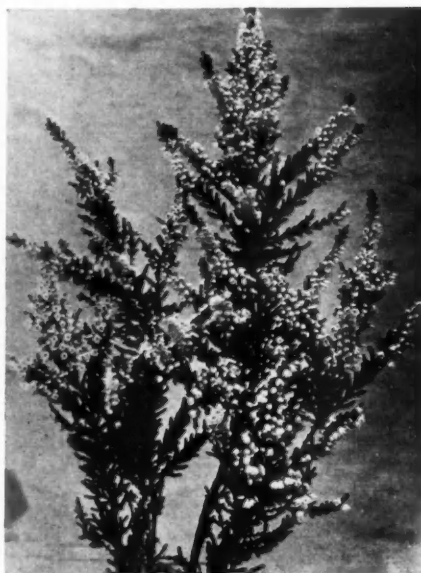
The *daboëcias* can also be relied on to carry a good yield of autumn flower, especially the rosy lavender type of western Ireland, the crimson *coccinea*, which is brighter than *atropurpurea*, the large-flowered *globosa* in a fresh rose-lilac, and the incomparable white form. No heath in our garden gives us quite so long a season as this white (*D. cantabrica alba*), for, commencing in May the bushes produce an unbroken succession of their 6in. spikes of large white bells until autumn is far advanced. All these *daboëcias* are reasonably hardy, they are very accommodating in the matter of soil, even flourishing on dry, sun-beaten banks, they are easily increased from cuttings, and most of them, including the white, will yield self-sown seedlings true to colour. Like the members of the Dorset group, they resent parching winter winds more than actual frost.

The *callunas* represent another family many of which do not come into their best until harvest-time, and among these later ones the double-flowered stand out conspicuously. The ling, having made more of a success of its doubling than any other heath, we now have a series of first-class varieties which will be in bloom from August to November. The very dwarf but wide-spreading

J. H. Hamilton, with large flowers of a pure soft pink without a hint of blue in it, is one of the earliest and best. *Camla*



THE BEAUTIFUL *DABOECIA CANTABRICA ALBA* WHICH PROVIDES A FINE SHOW OF ITS WHITE BELLS UNTIL AUTUMN IS WELL ADVANCED



A WHITE HEATHER OF DISTINCTION
CALLUNA VULGARIS SERLEI

Variety is an early and pretty diversion with erect spikes of double pink blossoms; then follows County Wicklow, which is virtually a lowly, more compact edition of the well known *H. E. Beale* which, with spikes of lovely flesh-tinted rosy blossoms, is one of the latest of all heaths. But in spite of the excellence of these newer sorts, I can still find room for a group of the old *C. vulgaris fl. pl.*, whose lavender blossoms about late September give at a distance a wood-smoke effect among one's autumn colour. Then there is the newest recruit to this list of double lings, *C. v. alba plena*, a beautiful plant, said to make two feet, with dark green foliage and large very double snow-white flowers in unusually long spikes.

Among the latest of the single *callunas* the 1ft. *David Eason*, with spikes of red-purple up to November, and the taller *Goldsworth Crimson* are worth noting. The latter makes a good successor to the excellent *Alportii*, and for following-on we have *C. v. Serlei* and *hyemalis*, the latter a plant which in some of its forms will often hold back its pretty bright rose lavender trusses until December. *C. v. Serlei* is the name originally bestowed upon the well

known late-flowering white, but some striking coloured forms (*rubra*, *grandiflora*) of this have occurred which follow the original in all respects but flower colour. The typical *Serlei* is unique among its kind, not only in respect to its lateness in flowering but in the lovely cool emerald of its rich leafage, the elegantly feathered, diffuse manner of growth, and habit of flowering freely on the laterals.

Though *E. vagans* is often in flower in August, it is seldom at its full until some weeks later, and prevails until November. A robust grower which, though only two or three feet in height, will extend in a dome-like mass with a diameter of six to eight feet, the Cornish heath needs plenty of space, but no shrub more honestly earns it. A profuse bloomer, it puts up a glorious show of colour during the shortening days, and is most amenable in regard to soil. The tall *E. terminalis* also makes a charming hedge or group, and its moss green foliage will be clustered with shell pink from July to November.

The older varieties of *E. vagans*, the rose-pink *grandiflora*, the redder *rubra* and others though worthy plants, have been superseded by such splendid kinds as *St. Keverne*, Mrs. D. F. Maxwell and *Lyonesse*. The first of these, a magnificent variety with racemes a foot or more in length in a pure wild-rose pink, is still, I think, the most beautiful of this species. Mrs. D. F. Maxwell, not quite so lusty a grower, is unique among heaths with its fine spikes of warm cerise, and in *Lyonesse* we have a superb white that entirely outclasses the old variety *alba*. This trio of heaths will yield over three months of colour in prodigal luxuriance, and that without any cultural attention. A. T. J.



AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG THE SCOTS HEATHS, *CALLUNA VULGARIS*, H. E. BEALE

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